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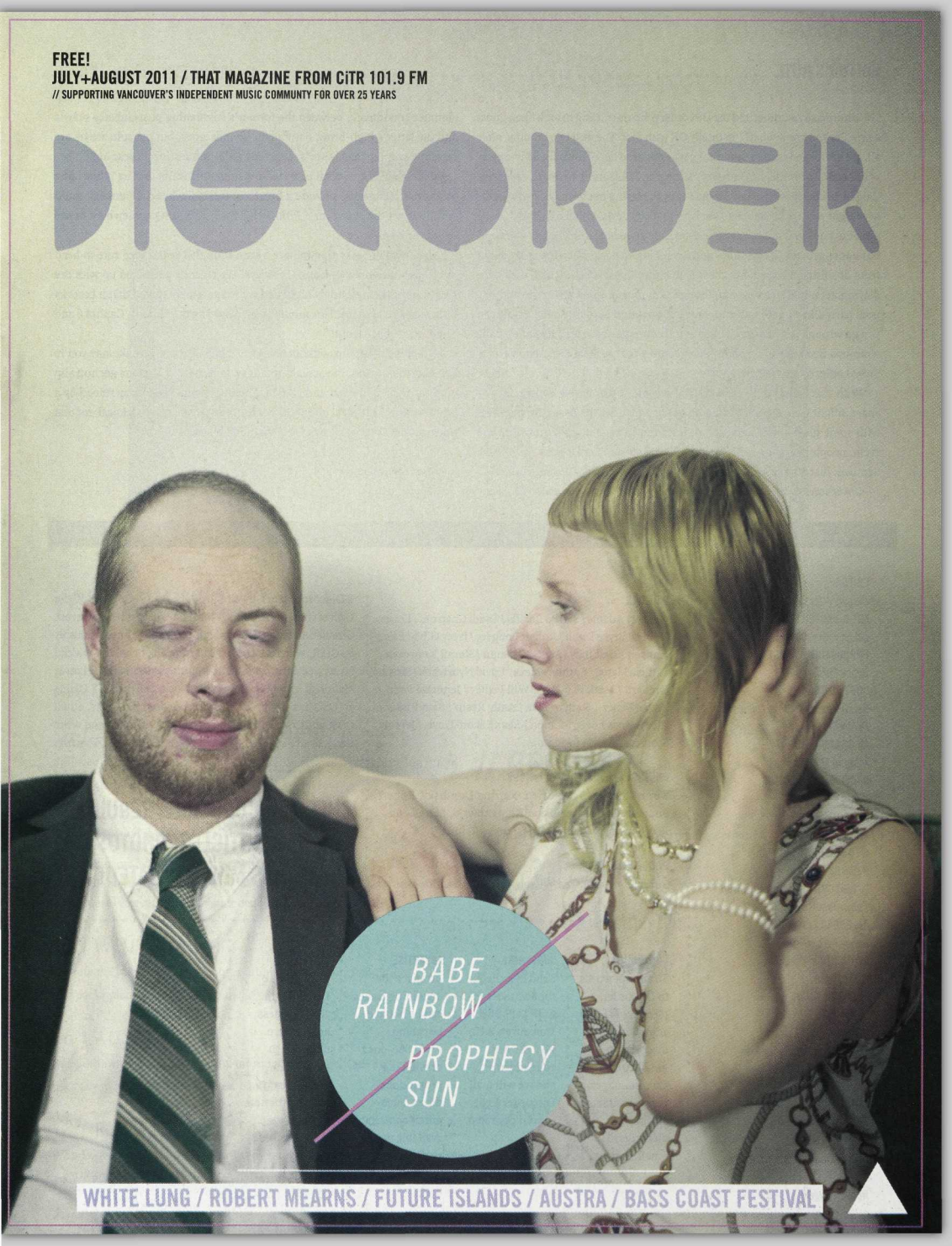

BABE
RAINBOW
PROPHECY
SUN

WHITE LUNG / ROBERT MEARNS / FUTURE ISLANDS / AUSTRA / BASS COAST FESTIVAL

EDITOR'S NOTE

It's officially summer and the Discorder office is starting to look like a ghost town. But you know what? I'm totally OK with that. The next two months, after all, are the token vacation months, so why not head out of town for a bit to clear your head? As for me, I'm currently sitting in YVR waiting to board a plane to Calgary to check out the Sled Island Festival. Having not been in Cowtown for over eight years, I'm excited to see how that city deals with their annual, ever-growing punk and indie event. I'm especially interested in seeing how some of our home-growns (like B-Lines and Keep Tidy, to name but a few) play out in front of a foreign crowd. My guess is that they'll tear it up just as if they were playing here. I'll level with you, though, I'm most thrilled about the mid-day pool party show I got invited to. Free hot dogs and hardcore bands; how can you go wrong? You can check out our full coverage of the fest, including daily wrap-ups from me and a photo-diary courtesy of our Real Live Action editor Steve Louie, on our website.

With that in mind, it is the festival season. If you have a couple days to spare, might we suggest heading up to Squamish for the Bass Coast Festival with some glow sticks in tow? Judging from Erica Hansen's profile on the event, people are going to be dancing all night to a ton of DJ sets—wildlife be damned. Just remember to pack lots of water... and maybe a soother or two.

Cover stars Babe Rainbow and prOphecy sun might be odd choices for your summer soundtrack, between the former's frightening post-dubstep crawls and the latter's high-brow, naturalistic soundscapes, but the solo artists are certainly keeping Vancouver's electronic scene interesting all year long.

Meanwhile, the hi-octane, fuzzed-out fumes of local scuzzters White Lung might not technically provide a breath of fresh air, but the punkers could definitely set the scene for a PBR-fueled back alley BBQ somewhere in the depths of East Van.

Also, if you're planning to have a staycation this year, make sure to head out to the Biltmore's Twoonie Tuesdays. We recently partnered up with the club's monthly, locals-only night and we're supremely stoked that it costs as little as a slice of pizza. This month they're hosting the Shilohs, Capitol 6 and Timecopz. Check it out!

Wrapping things up, without being too much of a parent, make sure you're sun-safe this season. I'm actually totally serious, here. It's gonna get hot! Slip on a shirt, slap on a hat and all that. You don't want your vacay ruined by a brutal sunstroke. I packed an extra bottle of sunscreen in my backpack for that pool party in Calgary... I'm a leggy guy and I burn easy.

Discorderly yours,
Gregory Adams

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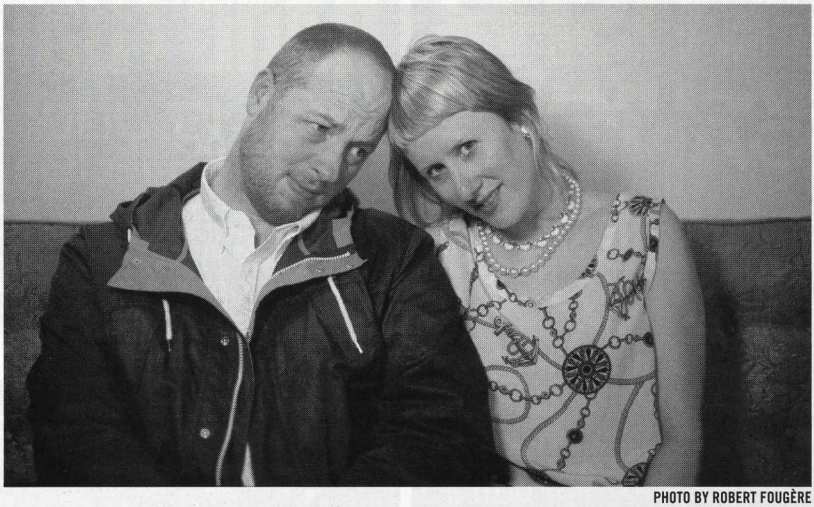

PHOTO BY ROBERT FOUGÈRE

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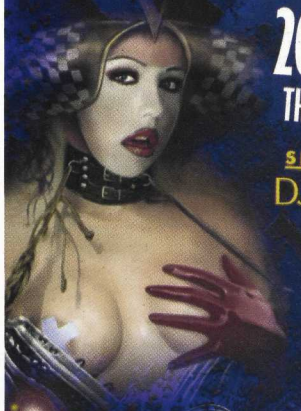

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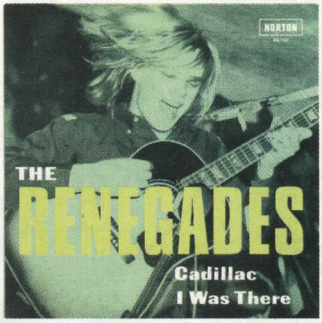
RIFF RAFF //

BY BRYCE DUNN



Well all you vinyl fanatics out there, it comes with a sad face and a single tear to admit that this will be the final Riff Raff column in this here space. Time for this scribe to move up and out into the great unknown and start the next phase of whatever it is I plan to do in life. Before you drag out the Kleenex though, let's turn those frowns upside down with one last installment and remember that yours truly will always be on the hunt for fresh and exciting sounds that spin right round, no matter what.

You should be surfing for singles too, especially when there's no shortage of smashingly superb local gems out there like **Korean Gut**, a four-piece combo new to these ears who have been plying their **Phantom Surfers**-meets-scruffy-pop trade for a few months now. The recently released *Your Misery, Our Benefit* EP kicks off finely with the treble-inducing tuneage of its title track, while the vocal-only number "If You Want" makes me shimmy with glee. Things get spooky on "The Creeper," but closer "Gin Gold" ends things off with strumming and drumming good times. Instantly likeable, the EP gives a nostalgic nod to the lo-fi instro-craze that engulfed the Coast in the decade previous—and they do it with mucho gusto. Find it and flip out!

The Gooeys are the newest and maybe weirdest kids in Calgary—the kind of kids that hang out in the graveyard and guzzle gasoline, read too many issues of *Cracked* magazine and freak out straight-laced suburbanites with their tripped-out, garage pop glop. Just as Jim Jones' followers downed the purple poison to purgatory, the Gooeys want you to take a "Scary Black Cherry Nap" via their sticky-wicky keyboard lines and sharp-edged guitar jabs. A "Suspicious Hunch Amongst The Bloody Mary For Lunch Bunch" may just tip you off before you "Lay Down & Die" from the sounds of the tub-thumping drum and bass rumble. "I Don't Know Why" anyone would be left standing, 'cuz this EP knocks 'em dead! Calgary continues their time-honoured tradition of making musical magic, so get this and get gone!

Edmonton's **Nervous Wreck** deliver a potent power-pop pill with their debut EP, **Double the Dose**. The title cut takes **Eddie & the Hot Rod's** "Teenage Depression" to new hip-shakin' heights, while the misleadingly-titled "Down" does just the opposite by going up, up and away like a rocket with its **Lurkers**-channeling twin guitar attack. The weekend wake-up call "2/7" proves these lads have been fed a steady diet of English first wave punk, and it'll make ya pogo 'til ya puke!

Lastly, a reissued blast from the past from Birmingham beat-happy bunch **the Renegades**, who are revered for their revved-up R&B tunes, their U.S. cavalry costumes and for being the first beat combo to conquer Scandanavia—a year before **the Rolling Stones**, even! Included on this platter is their celebrated 1964 remake of the **Vince Taylor** rockabilly rave-up "Cadillac," and the flip features a moodier mid-paced number called "I Was There," originally written by **the Shamrocks**. For those who dig the early rock 'n' roll style, this single (as well as their second, a romper stomper take on **Bill Haley**'s "Thirteen Women") are essential listens and worth tracking down. Now hop to it, hepcats!

It's all over now, baby blue... Thanks a ton for reading! Viva la vinyl!

Korean Gut/The Gooeys: Mammoth Cave Recording Co.
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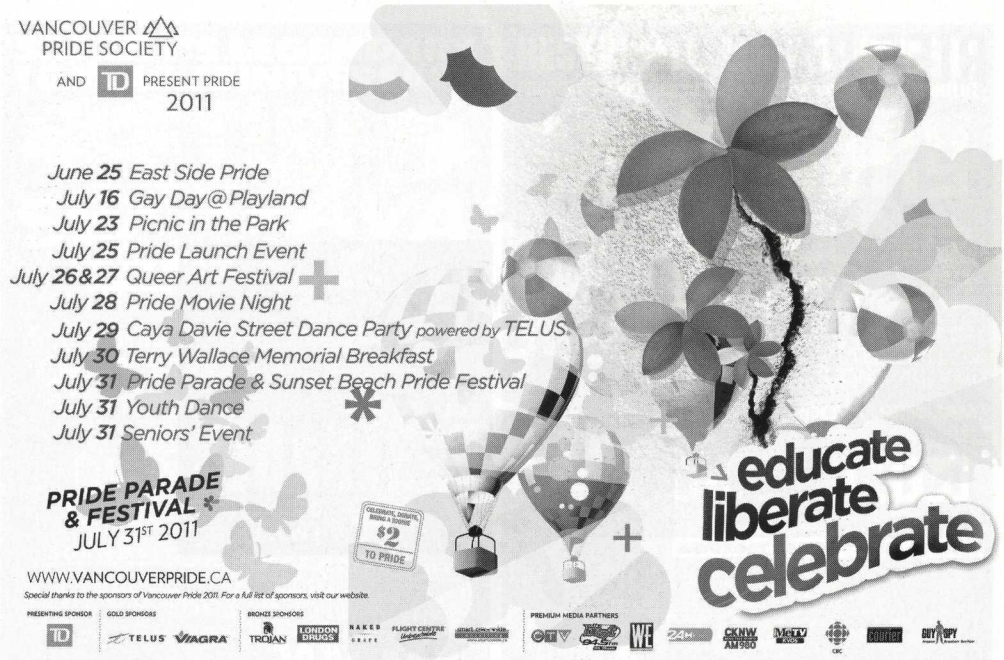

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BY JENNESIA PEDRI

SAVE THE RED GATE

It's the same familiar story, only this time the venue at stake is 152-156 West Hastings Street, the multi-purpose art centre known as the Red Gate.

If you've never noticed it, it's probably because it's not the regular type of underground cultural space that the City of Vancouver typically shuts down for the fun that goes on behind closed doors. The Red Gate is a legitimate space for artists, musicians, photographers and filmmakers to create and display art. What's more, for the past seven years, the 15,000 square foot space has been a 100 per cent self-funded and self-organized cultural facility dedicated to fostering the boundary-pushing creativity for which the DTES is historically known.

In spite of all this, without warning, on May 24, 2011, the City of Vancouver's Building Inspector Branch issued the Red Gate a 30-day Order to Vacate notice, citing "serious life and safety concerns." The city, however, took no initiative to inform the Red Gate of their apparent concerns, nor did they provide them any time or instruction on how to bring the building into compliance between a January 17 surprise inspection and the notice to vacate.

There's no disputing that the old building needs work, but if the city's going to talk about harm reduction, they need to team up with artists wanting to work within the law. As Red Gate organizer Jim Carrico told Discorder, "people who want to do stuff need a place to do it, and if they can't do it legally, they'll do it illegally. The solution isn't to shut everything down, its finding a way to bring it above ground." All the Red Gate is asking is the time necessary to comply with code requirements in order to deem the place safe for artists to work. *[ed. note: As of June 20, the City of Vancouver has offered the Red Gate a 60-day reprieve. If the building's owner, Moshe Mastai, writes a letter before the date of the original evacuation notice (June 23), and repairs and renovations are carried out within 60 days, the Red Gate will have a chance at remaining open.]*

The Red Gate ordeal came as a shock, though not a surprise, to Rickshaw Theatre owner and operator David Duprey. Facing venue woes of his own, Duprey is currently in the long process of getting a permanent liquor license to replace the special events license he's resorted to using at the Rickshaw. "The kind made for weddings," he explains of his situation to Discorder, "not for a business to operate to make a profit, which is what I do, and what most live music venues do." To voice your support for the Rickshaw, visit www.rickshawtheatre.com. From his experience, Duprey assured me that city officials generally agree that rules like the ones haunting the Red Gate are failing us, "but they shrug their shoulders because these are the rules."

Dani Vachon, Director of Marketing and Entertainment at the Electric Owl, shared a thing or two about the rules involved in refurbishing an old space. Over one million dollars went into turning the old American Hotel into the hybrid restaurant, bar and live music venue, which opened in May. And still, more money is being spent on expensive noise reduction renovations in the hope that residential neighbours will support the business' plans to extend its hours for serving liquor beyond a mere 12:30 a.m.

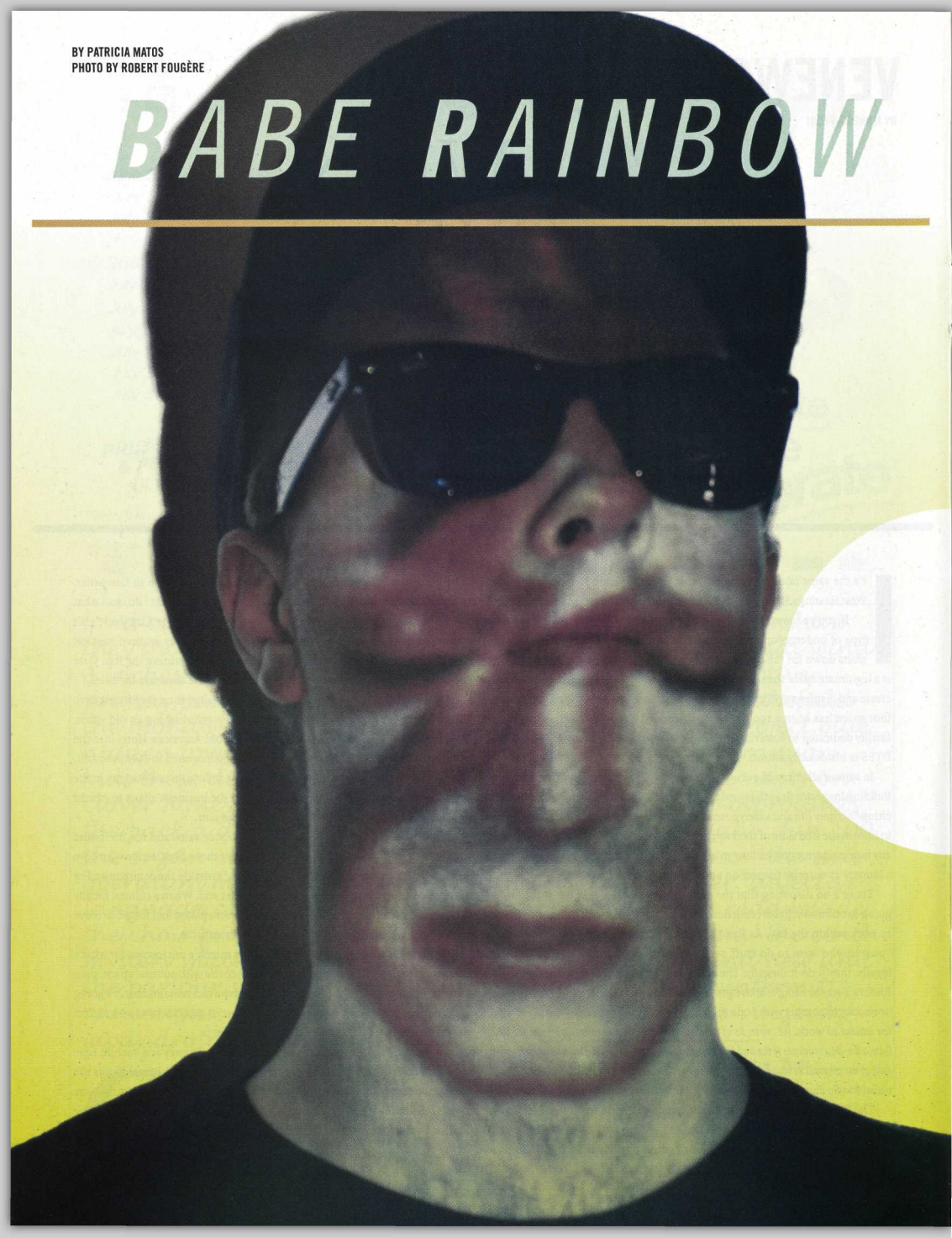
But for the Red Gate, it's not just about liquor sales and it's no longer simply about having fun. The stakes are high for those like Carrico who have dedicated decades to fostering the livelihoods of artists in the community. For those who utilize the space, the stakes are higher still. When a cultural facility as well-used as the Red Gate vanishes, artists are displaced and forced to move to a city where culture is perceived to be of greater value.

If it's true that the closing of the Red Gate is merely a microcosm for what's happening to the DTES, a neighbourhood once rife with cultural space, then something needs to be done to preserve it. But the fact remains that it's going to take considerable reconsideration of provincial and city by-laws to affect any major change. That's where the public comes in.

In each of their calls for public support, Carrico, Duprey and Vachon have expressed faith in the possibility of numbers. Nothing will change if only the non-supporters voice their concerns to the City of Vancouver. So take the time to visit the Red Gate in person or online at redgate.at.org to sign a copy of the petition and help save the Red Gate.

BY PATRICIA MATOS
PHOTO BY ROBERT FOUGÈRE

BABE RAINBOW



> *"NOTHING SHOULD HAPPEN INSTANTLY, YOU KNOW? I DON'T FEEL LIKE ANYTHING SHOULD BE THAT EASY; YOU SHOULD HAVE TO WORK AT IT... YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE AND MEET SOME PEOPLE."*

Let's make one thing perfectly clear: Cameron Reed is as close to a modern Renaissance man as anyone can find in Vancouver. As his electronic music project Babe Rainbow continues to gain steam, Reed is poised to continue influencing the city's creative collective. He admits to having his hand "in many a pot," be it journalism, corporate advertising, art or sketch comedy. During the last federal election, Reed and a couple of friends created the viral voting information website www.shitharperdid.ca, spawning two million hits in its first 48 hours, and then went on to create *The Party*, a short comedy series about the election season for CTV.

With so many things going on in his life, it's a wonder Reed finds the time to produce Babe Rainbow's contrasting blend of sinister melancholy. Reed's music evokes emotions from its first eerie notes to turns of airy and crashing breaks; the journey is disarming and surreal. Were you to listen to Reed's music while driving alone at night, would you wake up the next morning in the woods with only the faint memory of playing chess with *Twin Peaks*' Windom Earle? Probably not, but Lynchian scenes are inherent throughout Babe Rainbow's landscape, whether it's his intention or not. He seems to weave a narrative of urgency, isolation and rebirth in Babe Rainbow's sound, matched only by the haunting videos that accompany his brief, but captivating tracks.

"When I produce, my main goal is to make the listener feel something that's a little outside of what they normally get from a pop song or most indie rock," Reed tells Discorder while sitting in a tiny downtown café.

Toying with his mug of herbal tea, he continues, "When I create music with the intention of making somebody feel something, it makes sense that it would be paired well visually in that it's what soundtracks do. They try to evoke an emotion to draw you into a scene and understand what you are about to see—sort of a preface for the way that you're supposed to feel."

Reed's a perfectionist, there's no doubt about that. He admits Babe Rainbow's live shows are still being tweaked into sounding exactly how he envisions them, but that doesn't stop him from immersing the rest of his time in other projects. The 28-year-old has been busy with everything from his stint at this year's South by Southwest and overseeing the increasingly popular Music Waste festival, to working on collaborations and remixes with rappers, not to mention SoCal noise pop band, Wavves. On *Endless Path* Babe Rainbow's second EP for the esteemed and eclectic English imprint Warp, he collaborates with Yung Clova of Alabama hip-hop duo G-Side. What started out as just a remix for fellow Warp artist Gonjasufi's song "Holidays" turned into one of *Endless Path*'s standout tracks: "Greed." The track evolved as a back-and-forth between Reed and his label, during which time Reed had reworked and remixed the track to perfection before sending it back once more. Reed laughs as he remembers, "They freaked out saying, 'What is this?' and I go, 'I sent it to you months ago as a remix, but now I guess it's its own song.'"

Menacing synths and syncopated beats are present from the get-go with opening track "It's All Happening." The EP isn't a major departure from Reed's debut, *Shaved*, but his hip-hop influences and darker sensibilities are noticeably interwoven with his usual brand of blackout-inducing dubstep. Standout "Set Loose" is a particularly dreamlike chemical trip. While Reed has a knack for changing the tone of the album at every turn, he keeps the story flowing so it never seems jarring or out of place.

Some artists might feel obligated by listener's expectations about what they should be putting out, but Reed feels he has license to change things up when the moment strikes. "I don't think anyone working in any creative medium should be stagnant," he explains. "It's totally normal for them to change or evolve over time."

For Reed, this mentality lends a clear advantage to putting out EPs versus full-length albums. "That's just the way people listen to music nowadays," he asserts. "With an EP, the expectation that it should be some sort of cohesive masterpiece is obviously less. When I'm ready to do an album proper, I'll do it. But I'm still growing as a musician so I don't feel like I'll be able to focus on one style for long enough to make a cohesive [LP]."

Endless Path's consistency is its balance: each track's rise is complimented by another's soft drop. The airy, rhythmic thumping of "Bounty" is followed by the desolate, slinking sounds of "Chains"—a Quaalude to follow your Adderall, if you will. Reed's sound will never stop changing, and *Endless Path* is evidence enough of that.

Constantly evolving is part and parcel of who Reed is. He is a firm believer in taking responsibility for personal endeavours, be they creative or professional. For every opportunity Reed has taken, he has himself to hold accountable. There are those who complain that Vancouver is a "No Fun City" or that the creative scenes are next to impossible to break into, but Reed disagrees.

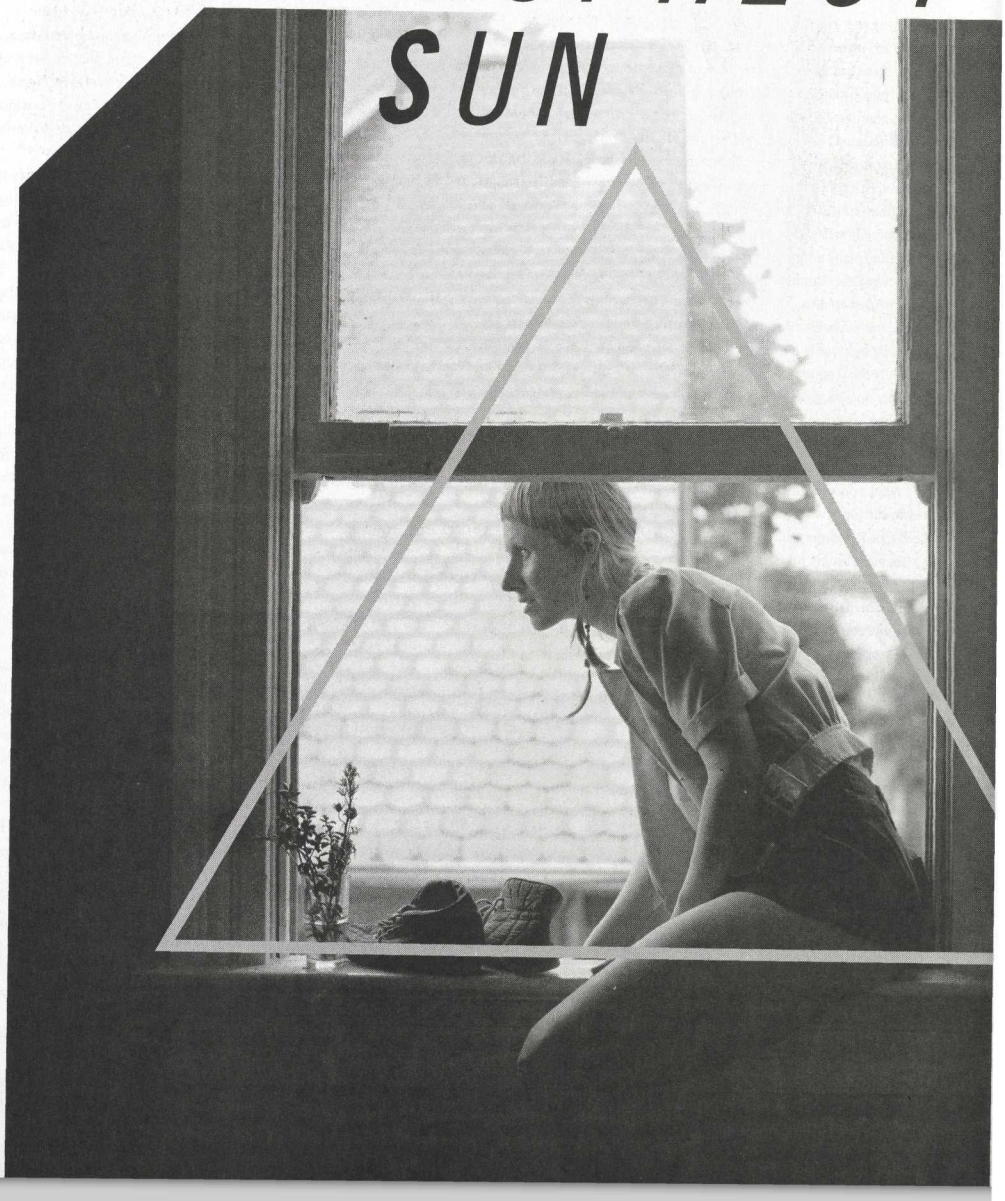
"Nothing should happen instantly, you know? I don't feel like anything should be that easy; you should have to work at it...you've got to get out there and meet some people. There are so many different music communities that I've seen ebb and flow, and new ones pop up over the last decade. The scene has grown immensely, but I think—and maybe this is kind of a judgment—if you are finding it hard to break into a certain group, then maybe you are looking at the wrong group."

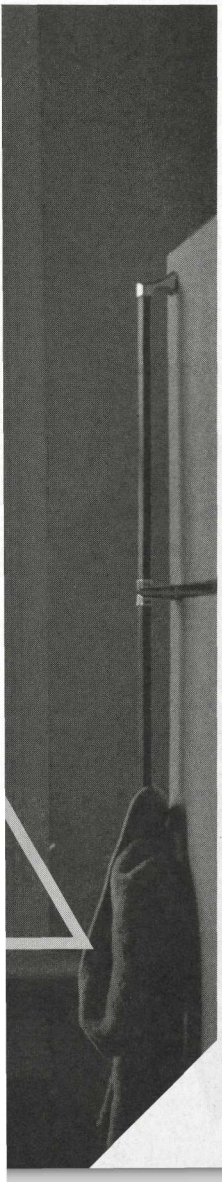
Living in Vancouver for the last decade has meant being proactive for Reed, who has always praised the support he has seen from artistic communities. He is a perfect example of putting d.i.y. to the test and achieving success: "Babe Rainbow was entirely me making music in my house, me putting it up online, me sending it to the blogs—I'm still managing myself. It partially has to do with music, but it's partially how I aggressively approach trying to get the music out there."

"It's not hard to book your own show," Reed says firmly, "it's not hard to make friends and get your friends to come out to shows."

BY TRISTA ORCHARD
PHOTO BY KEVIN CHARLES

PROPHECY SUN





You just know when you meet someone. You can feel it instantaneously. They have the madness—that grain of insanity which manifests itself into artistic energy, the urge that pushes you on to create. Prophecy Sun emits this from every vesicle of her ivory skin.

As she revealed to Discorder over muffins and coffee at a Main Street cafe, Sun considers herself "an installation performance artist that can take many different shapes," and she really means it.

"I have too much energy," she says. "I have enough for three people and I want to get a lot done, life's too short."

Currently, Sun's schedule is split between performing with experimental duo Under the Sun, '80s-influenced vocals project Spell, her indie rock band Tyranahorse and the Her Jazz Noise Collective. She's also part of two dance collectives: Dance Troupe Practice and So So So. On top of that, of course, is her solo project, prOphecy sun.

She wasn't lying when she candidly expressed that she had energy for three—I'd say maybe even more. prOphecy sun's latest release, *Not For Dogs*, the follow-up to her 2009 debut, *Cat Paws*, welcomes you into the madness of her being the joys as well as deep pain and confusion. The album contains ethereal echoes, guttural vocal noises and classical melodies laced with spacey electronics. The cacophony of sounds arrest your ears; the journey is vulnerable as the layers peel and you experience it all.

"My solo band, prOphecy sun, is very close to my soul. Tears and laughter bubble on the surface of everything I sing," Sun admits. "I am afraid of so many things and when I play it centres me. I am a voice for the feelings inside of me and a light for the darker parts of me. I let go in ways I cannot in other aspects of my life."

Sun thoughtfully tries to explain her creative process to me, how she is constantly composing in her head, especially on her bicycle named Mr. Falcon. Every little sound becomes a beat she can work with.

"I get inspired by the wind outside, how somebody stumbles, the leaves on the ground, the movement of light, a dream. So many things are inspiring to me that I have to put blockers up so I don't get too overwhelmed," she says. "I take those seeds and allow them to grow."

Not For Dogs is hard to define because each track goes in a completely different direction. "Harmonica Train" contains a series of low groans, growls and deep breaths layered amongst high pitched wails and harmonica puffs clattering like a train moving across the tracks. The song is intense, yet the airy "of Bladerunner 2" emotes the beautiful tinkling of what sounds like clinking pieces of glass. The beautiful sound of her voice, meanwhile, is utilized in "Don't Forget Me," where she harmonizes her vocals on lines like, "Please remember me in the morning."

I was curious about her unique name, as most people that meet her probably are, and yes, it is her given name. In its entirety, it's very epic: Prophecy Dela Star Sun.

"Growing up I didn't understand why I had this crazy big name so I went by Star. When I was older, I started using Prophecy again because I thought it was more grown up," she admits. "Now I'm finally starting to feel like I have come into my name and it was a logical choice."

Fittingly, her parents are both artists. Her mother, a singer, and her father, a percussionist, played in a band together. Sun and her five siblings were always surrounded by music. She was allowed creative freedom growing up, which is reflected in her now: she drew on walls and in books, and made sculptures out of furniture in the family home.

Sun has a well-known and unique love of cats. She owns four and also makes hand-sewn, feline creatures that she displays on stage as she performs. Her cats are even heard in the music itself, with little meows or the sound of their movements creeping into Sun's soundscapes.

"I find my cats are like little angels to me," she says. "They are not like the energy vampires I encounter everyday in this city. They just sleep and eat."

Whether she's crafting kitten creatures and soundscapes on her own, playing with her innumerable bands or dancing, she is constantly sharing her creative energy around the city. To fully understand her art you must experience it in the flesh, so I strongly suggest catching her performing at one of the local haunts.

BY ERICA HANSEN
ILLUSTRATION BY PETER KOMIEROWSKI

"WHEN WE FOUND IT, IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL, IT WAS INSPIRING IN ITSELF. THE MOUNTAINS AND THE WHITE SAND BEACHES..."

There is something happening in the woods. It taunts the night owls out of their nests as forest floors devour bass lines while mountains watch over with protective eyes. The river, meanwhile, will seduce you, coaxing you to dance with her, playfully flirting with the sun then sending off on your next adventure. This is the magical world that is the Bass Coast Project. Don't forget your sunscreen, this gem of a festival happens right in our own backyard—just 15 minutes outside of Squamish and pulsing with West Coast soul.

Andrea Graham, Andrea Oakden and Liz Thompson are the godmothers of the electronic music and art festival, which they founded in 2009. The trio had been working on various artistic projects together for years when they realized that there was a niche to be filled near Vancouver. Discorder caught up with the Squamish-based Graham, otherwise known as The Librarian, over Skype to discuss the event. The conversation took place the day after her wedding. Fittingly, the night resolved in an all night dance party.

"We have a long history of going to festivals and we realized that there was nothing really in our area," Graham says. "There was a big hole in the festival circuit. That's when we started searching for a location." Held at the Squamish Valley Campground, the location is one of the most striking and defining aspects of the event. "When we found it, it was so beautiful, it was inspiring in itself. The mountains and the white sand beaches, they really give the festival a lot of personality and direction."

From its locale to its sponsors, the project is very West Coast in nature. "We try to use the local businesses as much as possible, really trying to work with the local valley residence," Graham explains. "It really helps that we are local; it's so important to build good relationships with everyone."

The fest is also locally-minded in terms of its musical lineup. This year's schedule showcases more than 60 of B.C.'s most exquisite producers, DJs and artists crossing a number of electronic genres, including drum and bass, dubstep, IDM, experimental, downtempo, and more. From the avant-garde to the straight up bangers, it's a complex web of digital creativity.

Locals include Longwalkshortdock, who has slayed many a Vancouver dance floor, the drippy dub sounds of taal mala and the acclaimed headliner, Prison Garde.

"We believe that our West Coast talent is on par with the bigger [international] headliners that are coming out," Graham states, before pointing to out-of-towner highlights like the UK-based Ali B and Psychemagik, and San Franciscan hyphy artist Eprom. "We believe in the quality of every single artist on our lineup."

Bass Coast has evolved and reinvented itself with each installment. Graham says one of the major changes to look out for this year includes the revamping of one of the main stages. "The big stage that we are moving in to the forest is going to be a fully visual map stage with art surrounding you almost 360 degrees, so it's a really big project for this year. We're building different levels of platforms for dancing, and [we're] working with a whole team of visual artists to create a multi-sensory experience."

On top of the structural changes and inevitable lineup changes from year to year, Graham also points to the natural, outdoor setup changing things up every now and again. "Even in terms of the lay out of the land, the beach changes from year to year. ... We always like to have at least one of our stages on the beach so that, during the day time, you can be relaxing with your feet in the water listening to music."

Another addition will be a functioning radio station that'll be broadcasting music, commentary and workshops. Not to be overlooked is the non-musical aspect of the festival. There will be a music video contest, a fashion show and various workshops and visual art installments, creating a well-rounded experience. Oh, and how could I forget the ladies mud-wrestling tournament?

While the organizers have long-term vision for Bass Coast, with the fest always evolving, at what point can something like this sustain itself before losing its initial focus? "We like the intimacy of the festival as it is," Graham says. "This past year we had 1,000 people, which was fantastic. It felt like you were able to meet everyone [and] were able to feel really familiar and comfortable throughout the weekend. That can only exist up to a certain number of people and then you lose that community." This year, Bass Coast's attendance will be capped at 2,000 people.

No matter the attendance, the success of the Bass Coast Project is a testament to the thriving electronic music scene in our fair city. "I think that Vancouver is really creating its own identity for music right now," Graham states. "Almost 99 per cent of the people on our lineup are producing in addition to DJing, so they are all influencing the music scene, and a lot of them are starting to be recognized on the international [or] global level."

"I feel that, in the last ten years, Vancouver has really come into its own," she continues. "It's really supportive and you can see it in the fact that every weekend there are great shows going on. It's growing."

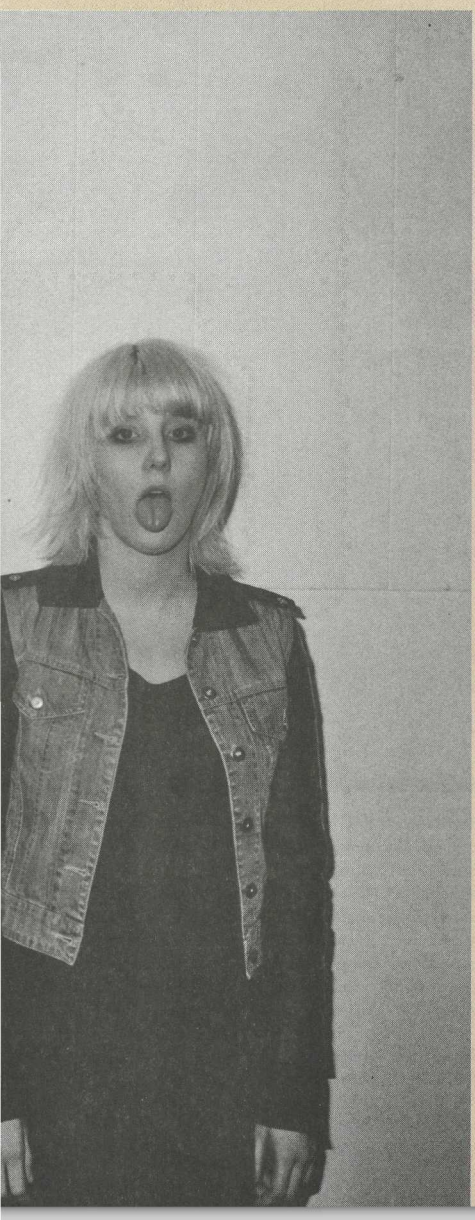
As for herself, The Librarian is releasing her as of yet untitled debut EP in early July, which will be available at www.eastvandigital.com. If you haven't heard her sultry sets just yet, her style is deeply rooted in rumbling, low-frequency tones. "I love feeling of the [bass] frequency, but I also love melody and soul." Her live set will definitely be one of many to look out for at Bass Coast.

The Bass Coast Project takes place at the Squamish Valley Campground July 29 to August 1. More information about the lineup and list of events can be found at www.basscoastproject.com.

WHITE LUNG

BY ERICA HANSEN
PHOTO BY BEN MARVIN

Amid a sea of insipid young rock bands, local punks White Lung are hoisting a Jolly Roger for dark and exciting music. Between Mish Way's razor-sharp vocals, Anne-Marie Vassiliou's whip-crack drumming, Grady MacIntosh's rumbling bass and Kenny McCorkell's doom-and-gloom guitar, the band has distinguished themselves as a noteworthy act, especially live.



At last month's "Rock 'n' Relief" concert at Venue, Way stalked around the stage in circles like a caged animal while yowling and snarling, her moodiness epitomizing the energy of flare-ups like the gooey-guitared head-banger "Atlanta" and the alarm-ringing clamour of "Wild Failure."

Their viciously solid sound is confrontational and commanding, eschewing the hipster frivolity of so many of today's fledgling bands for a refreshing approach of sincerity.

"Music feels so good, it's become an obsession," Way says in a husky voice that's remarkably similar to her heroine, Courtney Love. "It's become something that's so special and sacred and *mine*."

Way has a high-boned, almost classical face—her heavy-lidded, smoke-blue eyes adding to its painterly quality. Her Cherie Currie haircut shines like an aureole in the light outside Goody's Warehouse when Discorder caught up with her.

Though she's now both an established musician and music journalist, Way didn't actually fall in love with rock 'n' roll until the age of 17, when she "figured out what [she] liked": invigorating alt-rock with a punk edge and a feminist twist.

"In high school, I met this girl and she introduced me to Bikini Kill," she says, "that changed everything. It provoked me to discover more and then I discovered feminism, and I was like, 'Wow, everything that I've ever thought in my life that people have told me was fucked up, wrong or stupid has now been given validity.'"

Inspired by artists like Hole, Van Morrison and the Replacements, Way began strumming on the guitar, all the while discovering more and more punk bands that seemed to reflect herself so unexpectedly—like finding a collection of forgotten heirlooms in the family attic one by one.

"There's just something about punk, and it's hard to explain to people who are like, 'Ugh, that's terrible,' but it's not about technicality," she says. "It's just so incredibly present and raw."

The best track to manifest this raw presence on White Lung's 2010 full-length debut *It's the Evil*, is the screechy, stirringly urgent "Sleep Creep." With its piercing, agitated riffs, quick, relentless rhythm and tinny, haunting howls, it's a catchy theme song for the dead of night, an exercise in powerful simplicity and an intriguing gem for the punk aficionado.

Growing up in the sheltered suburbia of North Vancouver, Way would get "unnecessarily angry," and, like any ticking time bomb, she needed an outlet to express her rage.

"I *needed* to start a band," she says. "I've always been a bit of a performer."

"I was *so* vain as a child," Way continues. "There are pictures of me sitting in front of the mirror, shaking my head, and looking at myself and my hair shaking for, literally, hours. What a piece of shit child I was!"

After graduating from Simon Fraser University with a degree in Women's Studies and Communications, Way formed White Lung in 2006.

Bassist MacIntosh and original guitarist Natasha Reich were recruited through friends while Way met drummer Vassiliou at a shared jam space. When McCorkell took over guitar after Reich's departure, the decision was met with controversy within the local feminist scene.

"Everyone was like, 'You got to get a girl, you can't get a guy to replace Natasha,' and I said, 'Well, that would be just as sexist,'" explains Way. "Sometimes all-girl bands don't work and that's okay."

In fact, despite the critics, McCorkell's working wonders as White Lung's resident axe-wielder. "Aristocrat," White Lung's contribution to a recently released split seven-inch with current tour buddies Nü Sensae, finds McCorkell's guitar work overflowing with versatility, ranging from electrifying, spidery picking to manic, fuse-blowing shredding.The tune's made all the more rousing with its beefed-up production and Way's Dave Vanian-like hollering. Now that the foursome's symbiosis is as strong as ever, it's hard to imagine the band without him.

Just as Way refuses to be stifled by the still-dominant patriarchy in music, she continues to face her number one obstacle head-on: the fact that musicians "don't make any fucking money."

According to Way, penniless panic attacks inevitably await White Lung on their on-going cross country tour, but the summer is sure to be a blast anyways.

"Playing music is the best thing in the world," she affirms.

And the world is calling.

While White Lung is presently on the prowl for fresh fans across the border, the band has already caused some buzz across the pond. As Way reminisces, while visiting London a couple of years ago, she walked into a Rough Trade Records store to find a White Lung poster on the wall. Success couldn't taste sweeter.

"I got too excited about it—I felt like such a dork," she says. "Some days I want to say that I don't want to do this anymore. But, you know, you only get to do this once."

BY CAIL JUDY
ILLUSTRATION BY LOUISE REIMER

AUSTRA

With a dark pop sound that both chills you to the bone and makes you want to dance, Toronto's Austra—singer Katie Stelmanis, bassist Dorian Wolf and drummer/programmer Maya Postepski—have been garnering a lot of attention over their debut album, *Feel It Break*. Stelmanis is a classically trained musician who has a powerful and angelic voice and she's the driving force behind the trio. Prior to Austra, Stelmanis recorded as a solo artist. With a sound similar to early Soft Cell or the Knife, the group draws on elements of goth and club culture to great effect. The dark, synth-heavy single "The Beat and the Pulse" showcases Stelmanis' restrained yet powerful vocals at their finest, with an undulating synth sample creating spooky soundwaves behind her. Despite the chilly vibe of the record, Stelmanis was warm and friendly when Discorder called her up in Wales, where the band was currently stationed during a European tour.

Discorder: I came across your old Blogspot account with a bunch of names you were considering using before "Austra." I'd never seen a band ask for name suggestions on their blog. What made Austra win out over choices like "Spellwork" or "Roma Lister"?

Katie Stelmanis: *(laughs)* Well, a lot of those other names were kind of jokes. We ended up going with Austra because, first off, it's my middle name. The reason I liked it best was because it was a blank slate. It didn't mean anything to anybody. It was something we could turn into whatever we wanted; we could create the imagery behind it. We didn't want to be pigeon-holed by our name.

D: That's great. I've been hearing a lot of different descriptions of your new album *Feel It Break*. It's been called "gothic new-wave" and "goth-tinged baroque synth-pop." What kind of sound are you going for?

KS: I'm not going for an [intentional] sound, per se. I'm never thinking, "Oh, I'm going to make an '80s song." It's a more natural process than that. I have a bunch of samples that I like to use on my computer repeatedly. A lot of the songs sound kind of '80s. That wasn't the intention, but I was drawn to these chorus-infused samples which happen to have a very '80s characteristic.

D: You've said in the past you like to let your lyrics flow and not over-think them. Is that the case?

KS: Yeah, for sure. I don't like to over-think them. I don't consider myself to be a writer, so I like [the words] to come out naturally.

D: So in the recording process, did you do all the programming? Did Maya help with that or was it all you?

KS: I wrote all the songs. Maya helped a lot with arranging. The summer before we released the record, we went back and re-arranged a lot of the songs because many of them were old, and [we] brought them up to date. We improved the samples and the sample quality. Maya did a lot of drum programming. She's really good at programming and producing, so she had a big part in rearranging and reworking a lot of the songs.

D: You provided guest vocals on Fucked Up's *The Chemistry of Common Life*. How did you get connected with them?

KS: We both put out a record on [Toronto-based record company] the Blocks Recording Club. They heard my record, and they liked it and got in touch. We became friends over time.

D: Any good tour stories? Anything weird or interesting happen?

KS: Touring is full of those stories. We just went on tour in the States. We went to Whole Foods in Chicago for ten minutes and we got our van towed and had to pay $500 to get it out of impound. That was our first show of the tour; it was kind of a bummer.

D: If you had to pair *Feel It Break* with a book, like wine and food, what book would have a similar feel to the album?

KS: Maybe *The Lord of the Rings*.

D: Cool. I was thinking of *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*.

KS: That's actually a better one.

D: This is the album the White Witch would be listening to in her palace, doing house cleaning.

KS: *(laughs)*

D: Compared to your solo work, Austra seems a lot more straightforward. How intentional was that? Were you trying to make your music more accessible?

KS: We were trying to make music that was easier to translate onto a live stage. We wanted music that was heavier on the drums and bass, so that people would physically feel it in a live setting. We just wanted to connect with people easier and that made the music poppier.

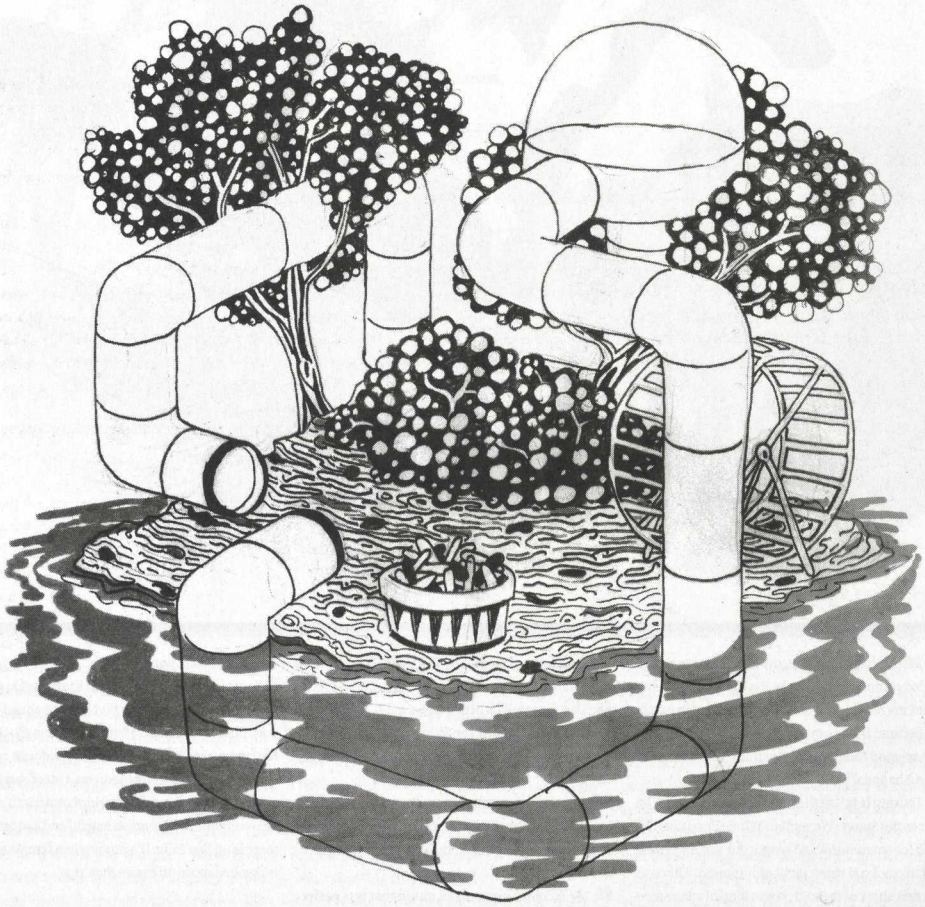
D: Your video for "The Beat and the Pulse" is great. I was a little surprised to find it was banned from YouTube. Do you have any comment on that?

KS: I wasn't really surprised. YouTube doesn't really allow female nudity and there was a lot of that in the video. I think it shows where North American values lie when you see how much hateful and violent stuff there is on YouTube. It's funny when female nudity is deemed more offensive than that.

Austra opens for Cold Cave at the Electric Owl, July 21.

FUTURE ISLANDS

BY SHANE SCOTT-TRAVIS
ILLUSTRATION BY TYLER CRICH



> *"JUST KNOWING THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE WHO PUT A LOT OF FAITH IN WHAT WE DO IS A GREAT INSPIRATION."* —SAMUEL T. HERRING

Submerged somewhere in Samuel T. Herring's bosom beats a nostalgic musical adventurer. Herring, ringleader of the playful Baltimore post-wave trio Future Islands, is suggestive of a brainy Jack Black by way of Captain Beefheart. It isn't so much that Herring looks like Black—though he does—but he also seems to inhabit the same physical space, delivering in concert a comparable, sometimes comic intensity. He also posseses a poetic whimsy most artists only daydream about.

"I've been reading a lot of Bukowski's poetry lately," Herring tells Discorder. "I find a simple pleasure reading his work. He makes me laugh, he makes me think, he's real cut and dry. I've also been doing a lot of laundry."

Herring's fondness for the wordsmith and for making acerbic non sequiturs won't seem too left-field for those familiar with Future Islands' oeuvre, especially last year's sparkling sophomore album, *In Evening Air*. It's a garishly pieced-together mishmash of Gerrit Welmers' clutter-free synths and drubbing drum machine sequences, William Cashion's soaring bass lines, and Herring's swooning, Tom Waits-ish bar brawl vocals.

Their signature sound is hard to pin down; a hybrid of post-punk, new wave and synth pop that flashes on Devo or the Talking Heads. Perhaps their true lineage lays in genre reconstruction—building greatness out of whatever might be in their path—and adding their silky atmospheric sheen. This is never more evident than on *In Evening Air*'s "Tin Man," where a motivated marimba and driving bass furrow chugs along with the momentum of a freight train. Carried by Herring's sorrowful caterwaul, it's a highly charged, unpredictable and memorable recording.

Much of Future Islands' fire is spent in the studio; producer, Chester Gwazda (Dan Deacon, Ecstatic Sunshine) is like a fourth member of their euphonious family.

"Chester is one of the few people whose opinion I know I trust," Herring says with conviction. "He's also the only person that I trust with my vocals. So, for me, he is extremely important for Future Islands' recorded output—he's got the goods."

"We recorded with Chester for the first time back in 2006 as part of his junior year college project, when we were still a very new band," adds Cashion. "With each album we've grown together, learning more as we go along."

Following those early recordings and 2008's *Wave Like Home*'s lavish electronic textures and calypso no-wave nods, the band netted label support from Chicago Indie authority Thrill Jockey. With a slew of recent releases and a third album already in the works, Future Islands have a bright tomorrow ahead of them.

"We're just lucky that we've been able to release so much," Herring says hotly. "Before 2010, we just had a couple seven-inches out. At this point, we've released five 12-inches and three seven-inches—that's pretty crazy turn around. Thrill Jockey has been pushing real hard to release vinyl with us and we couldn't be more excited."

Vinyl has certainly seen a huge resurgence and Future Islands are fired up to be part of the record revival.

"I've always been interested in limited vinyl releases. I guess that started with my Smashing Pumpkins obsession when I was growing up," Cashion explains. "They had some pretty rare singles back then and for *Siamese Dream*, each single was a different colour seven-inch and some of the b-sides were only available on seven-inch. This was before everything was available online, so I ended up doing a good amount of hunting for cool stuff. I still have the Pumpkins' "Today" seven-inch on red vinyl. Our last release was a split seven-inch with Lonnie Walker on peach vinyl, inspired by the "Rocket" seven-inch."

"Vinyl is exciting," Herring adds all atingle.

Also exciting are the startling live shows Future Islands have become known for. They'll be touring with Okkervil River and Titus Andronicus in June and July before embarking on a headlining tour this August.

Cashing's bass plunk and posture, akin to New Order's Peter Hook, provides an unshakable buttress for the band, but it's Herring's grandstanding that makes the Future Islands fantastical. His theatrical onstage posturing, often including wild genuflections and hyperactive hand jives, elevates their performances to dizzying heights. But this, Herring suggests, is due to the generous fans who cheer him on.

"Just knowing that there are people out there who put a lot of faith in what we do is a great inspiration. We have some really amazing fans and that gets us excited when we're preparing to hit the road," he says. "And there's a love in it for me. When I'm home for awhile, I long for the stage and the mic."

Though they're soon to stopover in our pretty patch, Future Islands are staying tight-lipped about whether they'll perform some brand new tunes from their forthcoming third full-length, which they hope to drop in the fall.

"You'll have to wait, bro," Herring jokes, refusing to budge or dole out any details, even though recording has been monopolizing his time for the last couple of months. With all his fire and cheer, it's hard to be dismayed by anything Herring might be withholding. "This is probably the biggest thing in my life," he says, "it's hard to find time for much more."

With that Herring adds a small peal of laughter, which, like his music, is bent but beautiful.

Future Islands plays the Media Club August 4.

(JULY)

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Check www.discorder.ca for our August calendar listings.					**1** **Humans, Teen Daze, Oh No! Yoko** @ *Cobalt* **The Excitations, the Gay Nineties, Joyce Collingwood, B-Lines,** @ *Biltmore* **NOFX** @ *Commodore* **Flipout, Cam Dales, Tyler Fedchuk, Sincerely Hana, My!Gay!Husband!, Rico Uno & Kutcorners** @ *Fortune*	**2** **NOFX, Teenage Bottlerocket** @ *Commodore* **Woolworm, Watermelon, Wars, Blanche Devereaux** @ *Media Club* **Fond Of Tigers** @ *Venue* **Bassturd, the Gay Nineties, the New Values** @ *Zoo Zhop*
3 **Ordstro, Negative Standards, Stares, Unlearn, AHNA** @ *the Chateau*	**4** **War Baby, Cowards, Depressing** @ *Biltmore*	**5** **Omar Souleyman, Basketball** @ *Bar None*	**6** **Paul Anthony's Talent Time!, DJ Teddy Smooth** @ *Biltmore*	**7** **Piper Davis, Elekwent Folk, T Nile, Neighbour, the Boom Booms** @ *Electric Owl* **Vincent Parket, Hot Sex & High Finance, the Stick, Telefoam** @ *Waldorf* **Get Busy Committee, Autokrat, DJ Seko** @ *Fortune*	**8** **Todd Terje, Resorts** @ *Waldorf* **Little Guitar Army, the Living Deadbeats, Motorama, East Vamps** @ *Funky's* **Apollo Ghosts, Duffy and the Doubters** @ *Zoo Zhop* **Mother Mother, Kyprios, Fond of Tigers** @ *Summer Live in Stanley Park*	**9** **Coliseum, Spirals** @ *Biltmore* **Strugglers, the Liquor Kings, the Fiends** @ *Funky's* **Voltera** @ *Railway* **The Elected** @ *Waldorf* **The New Pornographers, Hannah Georgas, Neko Case, Said the Whale** @ *Summer Live in Stanley Park*
10 **New Kids on the Block, Backstreet Boys, Matthew Morrison** @ *Rogers Arena* **Dan Mangan, Hey Ocean!, We Are the City, Veda Hille, Aidan Knight, Spirit of the West, Dal Richards Orchestra** @ *Summer Live in Stanley Park*	**11** **Hapa** @ *Biltmore*	**12** **The Shilohs, Capitol 6, Timecopz** @ *Biltmore* **The Rosebuds, Other Lives** @ *Media Club*	**13** **Les Jupes, Drawn Ship, the Abramson Singers** @ *Biltmore* **Black Wizard, Titans Eve, Ancients, Galgamex, Weirding, Abriosis, Anion, Depressing** @ *Fortune* **White Buffalo** @ *Media Club*	**14** **Aging Youth Gang, Cadaver Dogs, East Vamps, Gynosaurus X, Strugglers** @ *Funky's* **Memphis** @ *Media Club*	**15** **Cathar, Bridge Burner, Tobeatic, Grounding** @ *Anza* **Speed Control** @ *Biltmore* **The Tragically Hip, Hey Rosetta!** @ *Deer Lake Park* **Folk Music Festival** @ *Jericho Beach* **CFCF, Blood Diamonds, Teen Daze** @ *Waldorf*	**16** **Mitochondrion, Willing Feet, Cetascean, No Eulogy, AHNA, Night Mother** @ *Anza Club* **Owl City, Mat Kearney** @ *The Centre for Performing Arts* **Folk Music Festival** @ *Jericho Beach*
17 **The Main Street Vinyl Record Fair** @ *Biltmore (noon-5pm)* **Faster Pussycat, Ham Wailin', the Bonitos** @ *Rickshaw* **Folk Music Festival** @ *Jericho Beach*	**18** **Memory Tapes, Sleep Over** @ *Electric Owl*	**19**	**20** **TV on the Radio** @ *Commodore*	**21** **Cold Cave, Austra** @ *Biltmore* **TV on the Radio** @ *Commodore* **Thurston Moore, Kurt Vile and the Violators, Hush Arbors** @ *Rickshaw* **Cults, Guards, Writer** @ *Waldorf*	**22** **East Van Soul Club** @ *Biltmore* **Les Savy Fav, Handsome Furs** @ *Commodore* **Synthcake, Tyranahorse, Wizerdz** @ *Cobalt* **Run With the Heard, Killing Time Quartet** @ *Motel Nightclub* **Fatality, Skull Hammer** @ *Funky's*	**23** **Humans, Young Liars, the Peelies** @ *Astoria* **Yuck** @ *Biltmore* **The Fresh & Onlys, Woods, Chains of Love** @ *Electric Owl* **The Battles** @ *Rickshaw* **Killing Time Quartet, Shimmering Stars, Philoceraptor** @ *Media Club*
24 **31**	**25** **Painted Palms, Vincent Parker, Sleep Letters** @ *Media Club* **Oneeyedjacks, Harem of Men, Tiina Flank** @ *Biltmore*	**26** **Thomas Dybdahl** @ *Media Club*	**27**	**28**	**29** **The Jolts** @ *Fairview Pub* **Soundgarden, Queens of the Stone Age, Meat Puppets** @ *Rogers Arena* **Neverland, Andy Dixon DJ set** @ *MV Burrard Queen (Boat Cruise)*	**30** **Ty Segall** @ *Biltmore* **The Vibratros, the Bonitos, Destroyer Scene** @ *Funky's* **10th Anniversary SinCity party** @ *Red Room UltraBar* **Iceage, Cult of Youth, White Lung, Nü Sensae** @ *Waldorf*

ILLUSTRATION BY KATRINA DOMBSKY

// CiTR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

DISCORDER SUGGESTS LISTENING TO CiTR ONLINE AT WWW.CiTR.CA EVERY DAY.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6am		CiTR Ghost Mix	Pacific Pickin' (Roots)	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix	6am
7	CiTR Ghost Mix							7
8			Sounds of Africa (World)	Suburban Jungle (Eclectic)	End of the World News (Talk)	Friday Sunrise (Eclectic)		8
9		Breakfast With The Browns (Eclectic)				Alternative Radio (Talk)	The Saturday Edge (Roots)	9
10	Shookshookta (Talk)		Fill In	Pop Drones (Eclectic)	Sweet And Hot (Jazz)	Haunted Weather		10
11		Ska-T's Scenic Drive	Morning After Show (Eclectic)	Fill In				11
12pm	The Rockers Show (Reggae)	Synchronicity (Talk)			Duncan's Donuts (Eclectic)	It Ain't Easy Being Green	Generation Annihilation (Punk)	12pm
1		Parts Unknown (Pop)	Fill In	The Green Majority (Talk)	We All Fall Down (Punk)	The Barn Burner (Eclectic)	Power Chord (Metal)	1
2			Give 'Em the Boot (World)	Democracy Now (Talk)	Ink Studs (Talk)	Radio Zero (Dance)		2
3	Blood On The Saddle (Roots) / Shake A Tail Feather (Soul/R&B)	Mantis Cabinet (Eclectic)	Wings (Talk) / Prof (Talk)	Rumbletone Radio A Go Go	Japanese Musicquest (Talk)		Code Blue (Roots)	3
4		The Rib (Eclectic)	Radio Freethinker (Talk) / Fill In		French Connection (World)	Nardwuar Presents (Nardwuar)		4
5	Chips (Pop) / Queer FM Arts Xtra	News 101 (Talk)	Thunderbird Eye (Sports)	Arts Report (Talk)	Native Solidarity News (Talk)	News 101 (Talk)	The Leo Ramirez Show (World)	5
6	Queer FM (Talk)	Sore Throats, Clapping Hands (Rogue Folk, Indie S/S)	Flex Your Head (Hardcore)	R.T.R. / Discorder / Samsquantch (Ecl) / Shameless (Eclectic)	Are You Aware (Eclectic)	Stranded (Eclectic)	Nasha Volna (World)	6
7		Exploding Head Movies (Cinematic)			Stereoscopic Redoubt (Experimental)	African Rhythms (World)	Fill In	7
8	Rhythms (World) / Techno Progressivo		Inside Out (Dance)	Folk Oasis (Roots)				8
9	Bootlegs & B-Sides (Dance/Electronic)		Crimes And Treasons (Hip-hop)		Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell (Live)	The Bassment (Dance/Electronic)	Synaptic Sandwich (Dance/Electronic/Eclectic)	9
10	Transcendance (Dance)	The Jazz Show (Jazz)		Sexy In Van City (Talk)		Grandma's Attic (Eclectic)		10
11			CabaRadio (Talk)	Hans Kloss Misery Hour (Hans Kloss)	Funk My Life (Soul/Dance)			11
12am	Fill In	Canada Post-Rock (Rock)					CiTR Ghost Mix	12am
1						The Vampire's Ball (Industrial)		1
2	CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix			Aural Tentacles (Eclectic)			2
3			CiTR Ghost Mix	CiTR Ghost Mix				3
4						CiTR Ghost Mix		4
5								5

SUNDAY

SHOOKSHOOKTA
(Talk) 10am-12pm
A program targeted to Ethiopian people that encourages education and personal development.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
(Reggae) 12-3pm
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
(Roots) 3-5pm
Alternating Sundays
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER
(Soul/R&B) 3-5pm
Alternating Sundays
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits and lost soul gems.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING
(Pop) 5-6pm
Alternating Sundays
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge.

QUEER FM
(Talk) 5-6pm
Alternating Sundays
An expose of the arts & culture scene in the LGBTQ community.

QUEER FM ARTS XTRA
(Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual and transexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.
queerfmradio@gmail.com

RHYTHMSINDIA
(World) 8-9pm
Alternating Sundays
Featuring a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present; Ghazals and Bhajans, Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

TECHNO PROGRESSIVO
(Dance) 8-9pm
Alternating Sundays
A mix of the latest house music, tech-house, prog-house and techno.

BOOTLEGS & B-SIDES
(Dance/Electronic) 9-10pm

TRANCENDANCE
(Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts.
trancendance@hotmail.com

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS
(Eclectic) 8-11am
Your favourite Brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights.
breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE
(Ska) 11am-12pm

SYNCHRONICITY
(Talk) 12-1:00pm
Join host Marie B and discuss spirituality, health and feeling good. Tune in and tap into good vibrations that help you remember why you're here: to have fun! This is not your average spirituality show.

PARTS UNKNOWN
(Pop) 1-3pm
An indie pop show since 1999, it's like a marshmallow sandwich: soft and sweet and best enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.

MANTIS CABINET
(Eclectic) 3-4pm

THE RIB
(Eclectic) 4-5pm
Explore the avant-garde world of music with host Robyn Jacob on the Rib. From new electronic and experimental music to improvised jazz and new classical! So weird it will blow your mind!

NEWS 101
(Talk) 5-6pm
Vancouver's only live, volunteer-produced, student and community newscast. Every week, we take a look back at the week's local, national and international news, as seen from a fully independent media perspective.

SORE THROATS, CLAPPING HANDS
(Rogue Folk, Indie S/S)
6-7:30pm
Lyric Driven Campfire Inspired: new and old tunes from singer / songwriters with an emphasis on Canadian music. Tune in for live acts, ticket giveaways, interviews and talk, but mostly it's just music. Find us on Facebook!

EXPLODING HEAD MOVIES
(Cinematic) 7:30-9pm
Join gak as he explores music from the movies, tunes from television and any other cinematic source, along with atmospheric pieces, cutting edge new tracks and strange old goodies that could be used in a soundtrack to be. The spotlight swings widely to encompass composers, genres and other categories, but all in the name of discovery and ironclad whimsy.

THE JAZZ SHOW
(Jazz) 9pm-12am
Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.
July 4: *Cattin'* with John Coltrane and Paul Quinichette
July 11: *Julian Cannonball Adderley in New York*
July 18: The Dave McMurdo Jazz Orchestra
July 25: Philly Joe Jones' *Drums Around The World*
August 1: The Red Mitchell/Harold Land Quintet's *Hear Ye!*
August 8: The Duke Ellington Orchestra's *Soul Call*
August 15: The Oscar Peterson Trio's *The Canadiana Suite*
August 22: Charlie Rouse & Red Rodney's *Social Call*
August 29: Charlie Parker: Selected studio dates.

CANADA POST-ROCK
(Rock) 12-1:00am
Formerly on CKXU, Canada Post-Rock now resides on the west coast but it's still committed to the best in post-rock, drone, ambient, experimental, noise and basically anything your host Pbone can put the word "post" in front of. Stay up, tune in, zone out. If you had a radio show, Pbone would probably listen to your show.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'
(Roots) 6-8am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.
pacificpickin@yahoo.com

SOUNDS OF AFRICA
(World) 8-9:30am
Showcasing music, current affairs & news from across the African continent and the diaspora, you will learn all about beat and rhythm and it will certainly kick-start your day.

MORNING AFTER SHOW
(Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm
An eclectic mix of Canadian indie with rock, experimental, world, reggae, punk and ska from Canada, Latin America and Europe. The Morning After Show has local bands playing live on the Morning After Sessions. Hosted by Oswaldo Perez Cabrera.

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT
(World) 2-3pm
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music from north to south, traditional to modern on this bilingual show. Un programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica etnica italiana.
givetheboot@gmail.com
http://giveemtheboot.wordpress.com

WINGS
(Talk) 3-3:30pm
Alternating Tuesdays

PROF TALK
(Talk) 3-3:30pm
Alternating Tuesdays
Bringing UBC's professors on air to talk about current/past events at the local and international level. Aiming to provide a space for faculty and doctoral level students to engage in dialogue and share their current research, and to provide a space for interdisciplinary thinking. Interviews with professors from a variety of disciplines.
http://ubcproftalk.wordpress.com
proftalk@gmail.com

RADIO FREETHINKER
(Talk) 3:30-4:30pm
Promoting skepticism, critical thinking and science, we examine popular extraordinary claims and subject them to critical analysis. The real world is a beautiful and fascinating place and we want people to see it through the lens of reality as opposed to superstition.

THUNDERBIRD EYE
(Sports) 5-6pm
Your weekly roundup of UBC Thunderbird sports action from on campus and off with your host Wilson Wong.

FLEX YOUR HEAD
(Hardcore) 6-8pm
Punk rock and hardcore since 1989. Bands and guests from around the world.

INSIDE OUT
(Dance) 8-9pm

CRIMES & TREASONS
(Hip-hop) 9-11pm
crimesandtreasons@gmail.com

CABARADIO
(Talk) 11pm-12:30am
For the world of Cabaret. Tune in for interviews, skits, musical guests and more. It's Radio with sass!

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE
(Eclectic) 8-10am
Live from the Jungle Room, join radio host Jack Velvet for an eclectic mix of music, sound bites, information and inanity. Not to be missed!
dj@jackvelvet.net

POP DRONES
(Eclectic) 10-11:30am

THE GREEN MAJORITY
(Talk) 1-2pm
Canada's only environmental news hour, syndicated by CIUT 89.5 FM Toronto or *www.greenmajority.ca*.

DEMOCRACY NOW
(Talk) 2-3pm

ARTS REPORT
(Talk) 5-6pm

REEL TO REAL
(Talk) 6-6:30pm
Alternating Wednesdays
Movie reviews and criticism.

DISCORDER RADIO
(Talk) 6-6:30pm
Alternating Wednesdays
Discorder Magazine now has its own radio show! Join us to hear excerpts of feature interviews, charts, concert calendar picks and other exciting morsels! For more info, visit discorder.ca.

SAMSQUANTCH'S HIDEAWAY
(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
Alternating Wednesdays
All-Canadian music with a focus on indie-rock/pop.
anitabinder@hotmail.com

SHAMELESS
(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
Alternating Wednesdays
Dedicated to giving local music acts a crack at some airplay. When not playing the PR shtick, you can hear some faves you never knew you liked.

FOLK OASIS
(Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic folk/roots music, with a big emphasis on our local scene. C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.
folkoasis@gmail.com

SEXY IN VAN CITY
(Talk) 10-11pm
Your weekly dose of education and entertainment in the realm of relationships and sexuality.
sexyinvancity.com/category/sexy-in-vancity-radio

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
Pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS
(Talk) 8-10am

SWEET AND HOT
(Jazz) 10am-12pm
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, '30s and '40s.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS
(Eclectic) 12-1pm
Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.
duncansdonuts.wordpress.com

WE ALL FALL DOWN
(Punk) 1-2pm
Punk rock, indie pop and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.
www.weallfalldowncitr.blogspot.ca

INK STUDS
(Talk) 2-3pm
Underground and indie comix. Each week, we interview a different creator to get their unique perspective on comix and discuss their upcoming works.

JAPANESE MUSICQUEST
(Talk) 3-3:30pm
Syndicated from CJLY Kootenay Co-op Radio in Nelson, B.C.

FRENCH CONNECTION
(World) 3:30-5pm
French language and music.
www.fccabc.org

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS
(Talk) 5-6pm
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity.

ARE YOU AWARE
(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
Celebrating the message behind the music: Profiling music and musicians that take the route of positive action over apathy.

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT
(Experimental) 7:30-9pm

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL
(Live Music) 9-11pm
Featuring live band(s) every week performing in the CiTR Lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world.

FUNK MY LIFE
(Soul/Dance) 11pm-12am
Grooving out tunes with a bit of soul and a lot of funk, from the birth of rhythm and blues to the golden age of motown, to contemporary dance remixes of classic soul hits. We explore Brasilian funk, Japanese breakbeat anthems, the British motown remix scene, Canadian soul and disco that your parents probably made out to and the classics of American soul. Soul in the City's Oker hosts with guests to bring that extra bounce to your step.
www.funkmylife.com

AURAL TENTACLES
(Eclectic) 12-6am
It could be global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.
auraltentacles@hotmail.com

FRIDAY

FRIDAY SUNRISE
(Eclectic) 7:30-9am
An eclectic mix of indie rock, hip-hop and reggae to bring you up with the sun.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO
(Talk) 9-10:00am
Hosted by David Barsamian.

HAUNTED WEATHER
10am-12:00pm

IT AIN'T EASY BEING GREEN
12-1pm

THE BARN BURNER
(Eclectic) 1-2pm
The greasier side of rock 'n' roll, rhythm 'n' blues, and country... Crack a beer, order some BBQ, and get your boogie on.

RADIO ZERO
(Dance) 2-3:30pm
An international mix of super-fresh weekend party jams from New Wave to foreign electro, baile, Bollywood and whatever else.
www.radiozero.com

NARDWUAR
(Nardwuar) 3:30-5pm
Join Nardwuar the Human Serviette for Clam Chowder flavoured entertainment. Doot doola doot doo...doot doo!
nardwuar@nardwuar.com

NEWS 101
(Talk) 5-6pm
See Monday for description.

STRANDED
(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
Join your host Matthew for a weekly mix of exciting sounds, past and present, from his Australian homeland. And journey with him as he features fresh tunes and explores the alternative musical heritage of Canada.

AFRICAN RHYHMS
(World) 7:30-9pm
www.africanrhythmsradio.com

THE BASSMENT
(Dance/Electronic) 9-10:30pm
The Bassment is Vancouver's only bass driven radio show on air. I play picks from all the bass driven genres like Glitch, Dubstep, Drum and Bass, Ghetto Funk, Crunk, Breaks and UK Funky, while focusing on Canadian talent and highlighting Vancouver DJs, producers and the parties they throw.

GRANDMA'S ATTIC
(Eclectic) 10:30pm-12am
The only other place you'll find the old mixed with the new, is on an illegal website. Time to tickle your ear-hairs!

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL
(Industrial) 12-4am
Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Industrial, goth and a touch of metal too. Blog: thevampiresball.blogspot.com.
thevampiresball@gmail.com

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE
(Roots) 8am-12pm
A personal guide to world and roots music—with African, Latin and European music in the first half, followed by Celtic, blues, songwriters, Cajun and whatever else fits!
steveedge3@mac.com

GENERATION ANNIHILATION
(Punk) 12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk and old-school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers and social commentary.
crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca
generationannihilation.com

POWER CHORD
(Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's longest running metal show. If you're into music that's on the heavier/darker side of the spectrum, then you'll like it. Sonic assault provided by Geoff, Marcia and Andy.

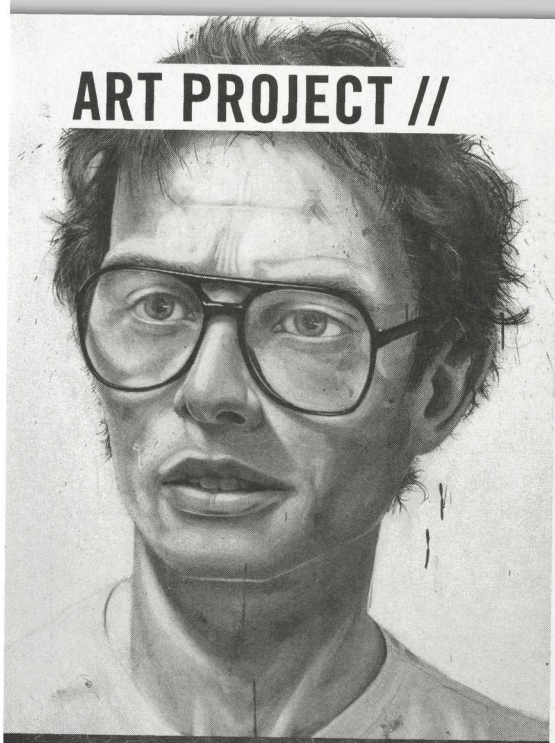
CODE BLUE
(Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.
codeblue@buddy-system.org

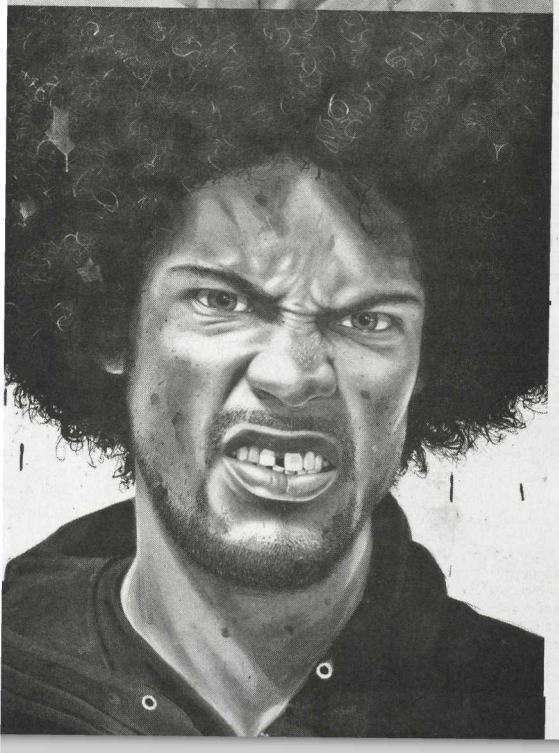
THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW
(World) 5-6pm
The best of mix of Latin American music.
leoramirez@canada.com

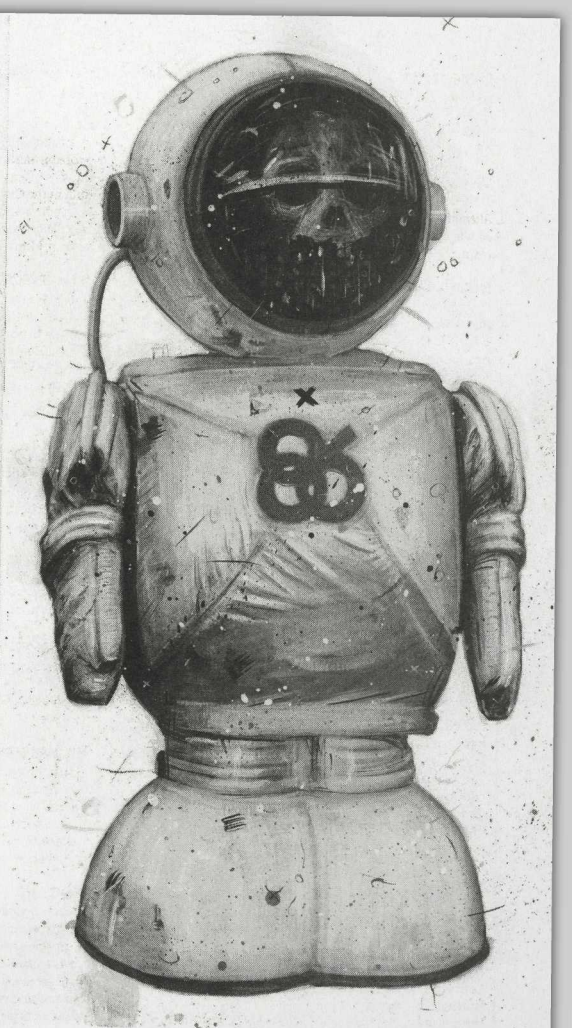
NASHA VOLNA
(World) 6-7pm
News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.
nashavolna.ca

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH
(Dance/Electronic) 9-11pm
If you like everything from electro/techno/trance/8-bit music/retro '80s this is the show for you!
www.synapticsandwich.net

ART PROJECT //





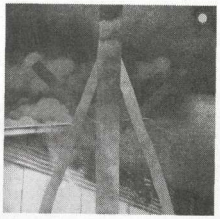


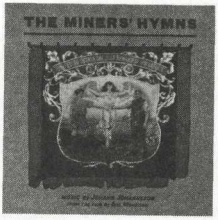
ROBERT MEARNS

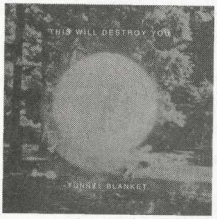
Robert received his bachelor's degree in Visual Fine Arts from Emily Carr University in 2006. Since graduating he has had four solo shows and has participated in various group shows, locally and abroad. Recently, his interest in the digital world has led him to aquire a Graphic Design certificate from Vancouver Community College. Combined with his formal art training he has been able to create visually engaging print work along side his painting practice.

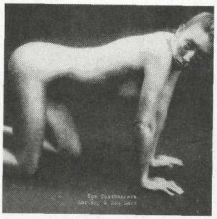
ROBERTMEARNS.COM

UNDER REVIEW









41ST & HOME
RAISED BY WOLVES
(Independent)

Vancouver's 41st &Home are making an ambitious brand of indie rock that is both expected and surprising. It's expected because the record can sit comfortably on the shelf next to the sprawling and anthemic music of popular Canadian bands **Arcade Fire** or **Broken Social Scene**. It's surprising because this record still feels honest and fresh.

The *Raised By Wolves* EP, which clocks in at just under half an hour, is the second record from 41st & Home, following 2010's *Left In Places*. It was recorded in a garage instead of a studio and engineered in-house by bass player George Knuff. It was also done quickly—they finished it in less than a month. It doesn't sound like a quick d.i.y. project, though. This is a lyrically refined and polished piece of work with carefully scripted dynamics and expansive soundscapes.

The EP's lyrics are world-weary and self-aware. "God I know I'm young / But I've got things to lose," sings Thom Kolb on "Memory Boy." There is a sober maturity here that's greater than many bands ten years their senior. That's not to say they can't have fun—standout track "Gorbachev" sounds like a summertime hit in spite of a serious anti-violence message.

What's most exciting about this band is that they have attempted something tough and succeeded. The only thing that's missing is ten more minutes of music, then we could call this a full album instead of an EP—because the record is more vast than the term EP implies.

—*Jeremy Stothers*

ANIMAL FARM
CULTURE SHOCK
(Focused Noise)

Portland, OR quartet **Animal Farm** pay homage to hip-hop's golden era throughout their sophomore album, *Culture Shock*. **Hanif Wondir, Fury,** Serge Severe, and producer and MC Gen.Erik sample soulful old-school beats reminiscent of underground hip-hop greats like **Jurassic 5, Blackalicious** and **Digable Planets.**

The album's strength comes from Gen.Erik's production on tracks like "Can't Give Up" and "It's Over." It's a challenge not to nod your head or dance to his beats. The '90s hip-hop nostalgia of "Back in the Days," featuring DJ Wicked, make this album perfect to play at any summer BBQ pool party.

Like many hip-hop albums, collaborations with other MCs and DJs are expected and Animal Farm does not disappoint. **Talib Kweli's** presence on "Test of Time," makes this track a favourite.

However, not all collaborations are perfect. While the chemistry between **Abstract Rude** and Animal Farm on "Music For Idiots" is great, the track ultimately falls flat. On it they bash commercial radio, mainstream magazines and record labels for being too selective, but the MCs fail to lay down a verse explaining why Animal Farm deserves the public's attention and respect.

Although the quartet attempts to tackle hard-hitting topics, including issues facing lower and middle class Americans on tracks like "G.U.N.S. (Generation Under No Shield)," the song lacks the thought provoking and intelligent lyrics that other conscious rappers like **Common** spit so effortlessly.

While the quartet's lyrical flow and production are no amateur feat, there is still room for this West Coast group to improve.

—*Ashly Kissman*

ADAM BALBO
REFRIED NOSTALGIA
(Independent)

I'm an open minded kind of guy. I really am. Of course I know what I like, but it's rare that I let this litany of aural criterion block my neural pathways to what may be potentially new and exciting music. When I was assigned Adam Balbo's *Refried Nostalgia*, it was accompanied by a statement from Balbo himself explaining that this was his first time playing with a full band and that the sonic vibrations derived from this were something along the lines of "janky" garage rock. Now, maybe I am misinformed, ignorant or perhaps too rigid in my own definition of what such a moniker might entail, but what we have here, my brothers and sisters, is quite a different animal from the kind of "janky" music I am accustomed to.

All the hallmarks of what should constitute some good ol' one-two-one-two clang and bang are absent on this recording. For starters, the musicianship is, well, competent. The guitars are a nice-sounding, wishy-washy jangle-jangle, while the bass and drums both plod along merrily. The lyrics are cute and centered mostly around nice things—probably contemplating the virtues of brushing twice every day— and do very little to put hairs on my chest or lead in my pencil. They're also delivered via what I can only deduce to be a very fake southern drawl. On top of all this, the extremely nice-sounding production does its best imitation of something lo-fi and falls onto its face. On some tracks, it sounds like Balbo is crooning from inside a spotless tile bathroom—a sound probably accomplished with a digital reverb compressor—while other tracks are bookended with applause. In the end, we are left *not* with a high-energy, about to fall apart rock 'n' goddamn roll record, but cute music for the young folks in East Van to relax to. If that sounds like you, you might enjoy this.

—*Sam Risser*

BEACH COMAS
DRIFTWOOD EP
(Independent)

Don't let yourself become disenchanted or alienated by the slightly derivative moniker used by this local electronic duo. Beach Comas' self-released debut EP *Driftwood* isn't another tired entry into the chillwave or surfstep genres. On the aptly titled opener "Enter," Dan Garrod and T.J. McDonald keep the bpms at bay until the generally instrumental outfit enlists Claire Mortifee to provide a rippling refrain that skirts atop a writhing, dub beat on "Don't Come Again"—the only track to feature vocals.

When things begin to escalate on standout track "Something," one begins to wonder where exactly on the spectrum of electronic music to place Beach Comas. Every track emerges in a manner that transcends rushed pigeonholing.

"Eve" effectively juxtaposes pastoral bird sounds with a deluge of drum machine and synth assaults. "Let Them" employs a vacillating sax sample to elicit a neon-noir vibe that saves the track from being a bit too busy. While their name and their EP name/cover all explicitly reference the beach, none of the music feels especially appropriate for the beach.

The duo offers up a sonic landscape heavily steeped in the same sort of distended murk that has brought **Babe Rainbow** and **Tassels** to the fore. Beach Comas make a very strong case for themselves with this debut and should be considered alongside other local electronica acts sooner rather than later. You can dowload *Driftwood* for free at www.beachcomas.bandcamp.com.
—*David Nykyforuk*

BLACK LIPS
ARABIA MOUNTAIN
(Vice Records)

This is some scuzzy, gross music, but it's also kind of irresistible. Such is the charm of Black Lips, a band that has based their career on playing loud, dirty and extremely catchy garage punk songs coupled with notoriously spirited shows. With their latest effort, *Arabia Mountain*, the band has, for the first time in their decade long career, enlisted a producer in the form of Mark Ronson (**Amy Winehouse, Duran Duran**). The results are a more immediate and cleaner sound allowing the songwriting to be showcased more fluently. Ronson has done an excellent job of allowing the band to do what they do without overdosing them on producer polish. With barely a lucid moment to be found, *Arabia Mountain*'s 16 tracks feature plenty of grime.

Opening track "Family Tree" hits hard and fast, coming at you like a drunk monkey with a broken skronky horn. Later on, the weirdly whimsical '60s-style pop gem "Spidey's Curse" paints a tale of Peter Parker having an abusive, shadowy childhood. Oddball closer "You Keep On Running," meanwhile, is a woozy, drug-fueled journey that brings to mind being drunk and stoned on hash in the desert.

There is no taking away from the energy these cats put into their music. They take the sounds of yore, inject some manic, sweat-drenched punch into everything they do and make it anything but boring. Though a producer has been brought in to tidy things up a bit, this is still true-to-form, scrappy as hell Black Lips and proves that a comb through the hair won't take the grime from a kid who revels in his snot-nosed, bratty ways.
—*Nathan Pike*

THE COATHANGERS
LARCENY AND OLD LACE
(Suicide Squeeze)

These four southern punk rock belles have come along way since the day they walked out of an Atlanta pawn shop with a pile of instruments with no idea how to play them. Their appropriately titled third album, *Larceny and Old Lace*, combines No Wave and straight up punk rock with back road blues to create a definitive sound. The music is bratty and abrasive.

Album opener "Hurricane" will blow your windows out as music crashes all around, rising up and pouring into your living room in a thunderous flood. "Trailer Park Boneyard," meanwhile, sounds like **Sleater-Kinney** channeling the ghost of **Jeffrey Lee Pierce** on a humid Georgian summer night. The girls show another side on "Go Away," a sweet **Spector**-pop number that could briefly deceive one into thinking that these young ladies spend their Friday nights on the veranda sipping iced tea and dreaming of handsome gentlemen callers rather than playing manic, sweaty sets at claustrophobic house parties.

These mischievous girls are old souls that will lure you in with their sweet southern charm, cunningly seduce you and lift your wallet while you're sleeping, leaving you stewed, screwed and tattooed with a smile on your face as tender closer "Tabbacco Rd." crackles on the phonograph.
—*Mark PaulHus*

ESMERINE
LA LECHUZA
(Constellation)

Using harps, strings, mallets and orchestral nubs, Esmerine's *La Lechuza* conjures up the stillness and tranquility of hidden lakes and remote forests where owls cautiously keep watch over their territory. Like its namesake—lechuza is Spanish for "owl"— the largely instrumental album presents both a quiet strength and swooping, full-on dramatic directives.

The opening track, "A Dog River," sets the tone as deliberate and somewhat hurried **Orff** instruments climb their way above the sorrowful violins to a theatrical finish. The album continues with minimal accompaniment accentuating a mallet pattern or string motif and settling into a more slowed pace. By the third track, "Last Waltz," we are introduced to Esmerine co-founder Rebecca Foon's vocals amidst a somewhat distorted backdrop and a cavernous bass drum. The real surprise comes with "Snow Day For Lhasa," which ventures into the post-pop realm with a rare vocal piece that sounds comfortable and oddly familiar.

Esmerine is a project that is quite different from **Thee Silver Mt. Zion** and **Godspeed You! Black Emperor**, two bands in which Esmerine's members Foon and Bruce Cawdron spent time with, respectively. With the exception of "Little Streams Make Big Rivers," which features the crescendo of instruments and more of an indiepop feel reminiscent of the aforementioned project, Esmerine's *La Lechuza* is really more about experimental chamber music than anything in the indie realm. It acts as a soundtrack to a film set in the calm wilderness of Quebec's rolling hills and peaceful lakes. The supporting cast of Sarah Neufeld (**Arcade Fire**) and **Patrick Watson** on some of the tracks does not deter Esmerine from their focus; *La Lechuza* is a methodical divergence from conventional, guitar driven compositions.
—*Slavko Bucifal*

JÓHANN JÓHANNSSON
THE MINERS' HYMNS
(Fat Cat Records)

Comparisons to **Brian Eno** and **David Byrne** would be apt and clear to those wandering along with the gloomy ambience of Icelandic artist Jóhann Jóhannsson's *The Miners' Hymns*. The title immediately puts the listener in a dark, mysterious place. You feel yourself underground with your miner companions, or perhaps on a desolate, grey viking battlefield in the wake of bloodshed as the piteous moans of horns and organs slowly, drearily lament the people's fate.

Without words and without any clear distinction between tracks, *The Miners' Hymns* seems to tell one coherent story through sound; the song titles serve simply to set the scene. "They Being Dead yet Speaketh" puts you into the nightmares of a warrior after battle; "An Injury To One Is The Concern of All" tells of the camaraderie of warfare; "Freedom From Want and Fear" seems like a prayer; "There is No Safe Side but the Side of Truth" supports the cause of a nation—or rebellion; "Industrial and Provident, We Unite to Assist Each Other" continues a nationalistic theme; "The Cause of Labour is the Hope of the World" ends the album with its loudest chorus of drums and triumph, summing up all

of the struggle of these ancient warriors—or slaving miners—in their quest to build a better future.

Jóhannsson's album works well if the listener is willing to dedicate him or herself to it, embracing the mood and ambience, drifting along with the droning, enjoying the silences as much as the peels of sound. However, if you are looking for an album to exercise or dance with, or something to lift your spirits, *The Miners' Hymns* just won't cut it.

—*Andy Resto*

ICEAGE
NEW BRIGADE
(What's Your Rupture)

Upon delving into *New Brigade*, one feels a certain familiarity; Iceage's reverb-drenched post-punk is nothing new, but it's still completely fresh and honest. Either these recent high school graduates spent the majority of their teen years in a dingy basement listening to one of their vagrant uncles' pristine collection of punk rock vinyl or, more likely, the four boys were frozen in ice, mid-song, in the early '80s during a particularly bad Danish winter, only to be thawed out 30 years later.

Often grouped with contemporary punk prodigies like **Fucked Up** and **No Age,** Iceage puts a similar slant on an old idea. They break punk back down to its essence and then infuse it with fresh energy and conviction. Their dark, raw and confrontational style roots itself somewhere in punk's adolescence, sometime after the death of **Joy Division** and the lingering aftermath of hardcore's initial furious burst. However, there are hints of influence spanning punk's history interwoven throughout the entire record. The songs are full of abrupt time changes and disjointed breaks, but the album also hangs on to distorted melodies and hints of pop. Contradictions are carefully balanced to make a distinct, original and vital record devised by vigorous young men with old punk souls.

—*Mark PaulHus*

PROSTITUTORIAL
PROSTITUTORIAL I
(Independent)

Local flâneur Joe McMurray is usually the twitch-tastic drummer for the saccharine lo-fi grunge outfit **Walter TV**; he's also helped man the kit for acts like **My Friend Wallis** and **Makeout Videotape.** However, when left to his own idle devices, McMurray trades in his sticks for an MPC sampler and crafts profoundly recondite drone in Prostituotial with Chris Niemer, who helms a Roland synth anchored by a loop station and scores of effects pedals.

Somewhere in a dank East Van warehouse, the pairing birthed *Prostitutorial I*, a release comprised of surprisingly restrained and nuanced ambiance. Twenty-minute opener "I" progresses along a continuum of aridity and copiousness in its instrumentation, but never quite peaks the way you expect it might. Prostitutorial doesn't seem too concerned with scaling any celestial heights or transporting listeners to an ethereal state of being.

A suitable reference point here might be **Stellar Om Source** or **Oneohtrix Point Never**, albeit far more subdued and minimal. The cloudy reverb of the brief coda "II" isn't quite the soft come-down you want, but after the abrupt finish you understand that this is the point. Prostitutorial submit a soundtrack for our post lapsarian world as it heads deeper into pseudo-dystopic times. We're not quite there yet, but this is what fills our ears while we wait on the cusp.

—*David Nykyforuk*

RALEIGH
NEW TIMES IN BLACK AND WHITE
(Independent)

Calgary's Raleigh know the finer points of pop music, both pastoral and precious, and it's fully evidenced on their debut long player, *New Times in Black and White*. Admirers of opulent bedroom pop searching for songs both pretty and melancholy can end their search and sip from this refreshing cup of twee.

The hangdog heroes of *New Times in Black and White* are Clea Anaïs (vocals, cello), Brock Geiger (guitar, bass) and Matt Doherty (drums), who make wistful chamber pop that conjures acts like **Camera Obscura** and, yes, **Belle & Sebastian**. Anaïs and Geiger's beautiful boy/girl back and forth does call to mind **Stuart Murdoch** and **Isobel Campbell** markedly on such breezy and poignant ditties as "Without Wings" and "Drip." The latter a duet as gentle as gossamer, synthesizing '60s pop with folk rock most charmingly.

Charming is an apt characterization for Raleigh's familiar and fecund patch of blue sky. Some of this album may feel a little fabricated, but such is the precious school that Raleigh attends. Could the entire band be knocked down with a feather? Probably, but tracks like "Murderer" and "Godspeed" stray from the twee template enough to allow Geiger to hone in on a more lo-fi indie rock vibe, while his warm vocals suggest a sighing **Sam Beam**. Anaïs contributes beautifully to these tracks with her ringing, at times almost eerie, cordial cello playing.

There are a lot of standout moments on *New Times in Black and White*, least of all the deft and au courant lyrics and subject matter. "Balloon Boy" cleverly recounts the Heene family's 2009 runaway balloon/helium hoax pot-boiler while album opener "Tunnel Vision" instantly enchants with Geiger's sweet intonation: "You move on me like a centipede." It's a stirring avail that is matched time and again on this delicious debut.

—*Shane Scott-Travis*

THE RECEPTIONISTS
ELEVATOR MUSIC
(Independent)

Elevator Music is what happens when you lock five Vancouver bike couriers in a room with a pile of ragged instruments and a couple flats of Pacific Pilsner. There is nothing brilliant or revolutionary about this album; nothing new or progressive. *Elevator Music* is exactly what it is supposed to be, simple, rambunctious party punk composed by guys with names like Newfie Mike and Crash Campbell Kid. The songs are laden with keyboards, punchy riffs and gruff, snotty vocals, all ripped out faster than a courier on a fixie weaving through downtown traffic on the last delivery on a Friday afternoon. These rowdy punks sound like they are having a blast, belting out songs like the posi-core anthem "Red Light Go," the heartfelt opener "First Girl at the Alley Cat" or the ranting "Jaywalker." Even the obnoxious cover of **Berlin**'s "Take My Breath Away" is somehow endearing. *Elevator Music* is far from mundane and definitely won't allow itself to get lost in the background. It is the perfect soundtrack for a rambunctious, slap-happy summer night. The best part is they are staying true and giving it all away for free at http://thereceptionists.bandcamp.com.

—*Mark PaulHus*

SICK CHARADE
DEMO 2011
(Independent)

As I'm writing the first draft of this review, I am sitting on the patio of a fancy East Vancouver pub. I am on my lunch break from a dead end job and the beer I am rapidly consuming (my second) is more than I can afford. To my direct right, a pair of well-to-do women are swapping stories about their teenage offspring, while directly behind them, three middle-aged business men discuss wireless surveillance and what an acceptable number of lay-offs might be for the coming financial quarter. They are drinking the expensive beer too, but their table has many more empty pints than mine. Meanwhile, across the globe, people drag out their lives in complete misery. Tanks roll over innocents, crushing them into nothing, and bullets explode skulls. Women are stoned to death, homosexuals executed. People slip deeper and deeper into apathy, escapism and debt. Across the board, things are bad. Of course you've heard it all before, but that doesn't make things any less horrible.

I think about all this and I start to get a bit of old **Sartre**'s **Nausea**. My stomach turns as the myriad, horrific thoughts of daily life roll around in my

head and I wonder what to do. Conventional rock music, in its bloated corpulence, fails in every aspect to convey these feelings of ultimate confusion and frustration. It is for these reasons and more that hardcore exists and what's more why it is *good*.

Sick Charade's demo is the sound of the thought processes which have just been described for you. It is the sound of young minds overloading and exploding as they drown in the horrors of life. Sick Charade play pure, unadulterated hardcore punk. Everything is fast, like it's all just barely held together—teetering on the edge of collapse. Everything is loud and raw. Simple and upset in the best ways possible. Simply upset. Those who are familiar with guitar player and singer Sean Lovblom's previous band **the Reprobates**' *Stress* EP, in which he handled vocal duties with absolutely no restraint, bands like **Government Warning** or **Born Bad**, will understand this demo perfectly. If not, I recommend acquainting yourself with Sick Charade lest you never find an outlet for your pathetic daily frustrations.

—*Sam Risser*

THIS WILL DESTROY YOU
TUNNEL BLANKET
(Suicide Squeeze Records)

It starts with a shiver down your spine, the familiar tingling sensation that lingers in the crevices of your thoughts, then, all of a sudden, a crash, a bang, flares out, and all the placid joy of the last few seconds are shattered by an explosion of sound.

In short, this is the best way to describe This Will Destroy You's second LP, *Tunnel Blanket*. From soft, elegant passages to horribly distorted leads, this post-rock adventure is well composed, drawing inspiration from many notable artists, primarily **Mogwai**, **Red Sparowes** and even **Radiohead**. The formula is simple: start peacefully and build up. Fuel a musical ruckus with discordance and fury, then drop back. Remove the trembling guitars and drums and replace them with soft piano and white noise.

Some tracks stand above the rest (notably "Communal Blood," with its interesting percussion), and unfortunately, some are a little harder to appreciate (see "Glass Realms," a slow, piano-driven song that crescendos into noise). For best results, one must truly appreciate the genre and its nuances to appreciate all eight tracks.

This lush record provides many streams of creativity, allowing one to embrace experimentation and wonder at the results. *Tunnel Blanket* is a good album, but does not reinvent the wheel—it sticks to tried and true formulas, though its tracks are beyond the mainstream expectation.

—*Kamil Krawczyk*

UNLEARN
UNLEARN
(Deranged)

This five-track, 45 RPM seven-inch sounds more like **Disclose** or **Anti Cimex** than it does four young drunk punks from Vancouver. There is so much force and aggression in this record; nothing is slowed down and nothing is easy about it. It's hard and fast and indigestible d-beat, fronted by the angry Sam Risser.

This is Unlearn's first record, but not their first release. They've put out two cassettes, *Demo I* and *Demo II*, and they're currently in Portland recording an LP. It's a good thing they're busy working on the next record, because this short-but-not-sweet, self-titled seven-inch has been flipped four or five times througout the writing of this review.

The cover art reflects the title of the second track "Landscapes of Deprivation," wherein images of war, violence, and bodies in trenches are pasted together. The lyrics speak of "feeble masses" ("Into The Dark Age"), "pawns in their power games" ("Used + Killed"), and modern life as a "forced blind march" ("Death Comes To You"). Unlearn isn't fooled by the façade of peace and prosperity that affluent North Americans convince themselves of, but rather, they are concerned by the ideological and physical wars fought in order to obtain such an image.

—*Sarah Charrouf*

CHAD VANGAALEN
DIAPER ISLAND
(Flemish Eye)

From the moment *Diaper Island* commences, just like a familiar sweater, the recognizable drones of Chad VanGaalen wrap themselves around the listener in a warm embrace. But while his trademark soft rock remains intact, VanGaalen's newest studio set also charters the singer/songwriter in a desirable new direction, one crowded with attention-grabbing guitar pieces and a nimbler musical stride.

The new style fails to proclaim its presence, though, until around the halfway mark, as the opening duo of tracks "Do Not Fear" and "Peace on the Rise" provide the listener with nostalgia for 2008's sublime *Soft Airplane*. By the time the busy "Burning Photographs" makes its way into your ear canals, though, a change of pace in VanGaalen's music can be felt.

Coming in at track five, "Sara" is the first song off the album that undoubtedly possesses the characteristics it takes to be a long-term gem. The song wreaks with personal sentiment and a hint of yearning to unleash these pent up expressions onto the world. Opening with a simple symphony of whistles and acoustic accompaniment, VanGaalen creates another painfully honest lullaby for the soul.

Moments after the hopelessness of "Sara" subsides, the first glimpse of VanGaalen's capability for rockability emerges with the forceful beat of "Replace Me," drenching the listener with confusion as to where this side of VanGaalen has been all these years and solidifying the album as a new stage in his musical career. The remainder of *Diaper Island* follows this formula loosely as the tracks interweave and transition distinctively, but without stepping on each others' toes.

A rather silly climax for the otherwise introspective and exceptional disc can be found in "Shave My Pussy," a musical contemplation of whether love can truly overcome any obstacle, including hairy snatches. While it's an unusual theme for VanGaalen to tackle, the execution displays such signs of sincerity that you can't help but accept the song, not as a humour piece, but as another entry into the catalogue of how shallow love is.

Diaper Island fumes with signs of VanGaalen's organic growth as a musician and leaves the listener marooned by the disc's end, already lonesome for more.

—*Jacey Gibb*

YUNG MUMS
YUNG MUMS
(Independent)

Yung Mums are definitely not of the stay-at-home variety. An all-gal trio from Vancouver, Yung Mums are a brash bunch with lo-fi leanings and their sparkly new five-track EP is a short-lived shout down that ends all too soon.

Yung Mums leapfrogs to action with "Dead South," a guitar-driven garage punk number with **Poly Styrene**-esque vocals. It's raw and fun and over almost before it's begun. That's the overall mental state of this collection of songs; they're hot, hair-trigger, excitable and economic in their brevity. It's not too much of a good thing; in fact, it's too little.

"Cobra" is a venom-spewing, grimy punk peal that clocks in at a minute 44, making it the lengthiest track here. It's an intense, passionate and not at all complex arrangement that sounds a little muddy, and therein lays Yung Mums' charm. Their d.i.y. aesthetic and proto-punk patterns à la **The Sonics** and **MC5** are what make them so agreeable.

"Shut It" and "Thru With U" continue their tattered but truthful lilt while making a guitar-geared raucous worthy of *Waitin' for the Night*-era **Runaways**. Similarly, closer "BC Budz" is a brief but billowy number full of swagger and punk posturing.

This pocket-size collection of songs hints at a larger context, hopefully, for Yung Mums, who are certainly showing signs of flowering into proud, scrappy and trigger-happy musical monarchs.

—*Shane Scott-Travis*

REAL LIVE ACTION

DEAD GHOSTS BY KATI JENSEN

NOMEANSNO / BEEKEEPER / THE FORD PIER VENGEANCE TRIO

The Biltmore / May 26th & 27th

NoMeansNo has a sound that never really gets old to me. Sure, they've been called old; brothers John and Rob Wright formed the band in 1979—that's 32 years of live shows! Guitarist Tom Holliston has been in the mix since 1993, so these three guys know how to play. If you missed their Thursday-Friday, two-fer weekend at the Biltmore Cabaret, you missed out.

Bathed in a yellow-white glow of incandescence, the Biltmore's size perfectly matched that of the crowd, providing a level of intimacy similar to seeing them at a friend's basement show. A frequent haunt of the band, the trio exuded comfort and control, clearly enjoying their time on stage. Appealing to the fans, they played double-encores both nights.

The first night was a benefit show dedicated to long-time friend, California-based Dave Melrose, with proceeds going to his cancer treatment. Melrose handled the merch table and was often confused throughout the night for a band member, humbly thanking fans at the end of the night who congratulated him on a great set.

On Thursday night, local indie post-pop band Beekeeper played to a tough crowd. Light vocal harmonies juxtaposed with screamo, or candy pop and heavy on the digital keyboard. They played a tight set, yet maybe tried in vain to win over the crowd of NoMeansNo devotees.

By the time the headliners hit the stage, anticipation was high, especially among the young, shirtless guys in front. Rob Wright's heavy bass lines churned people into motion and the raucous crowd pushed people toward the front all night, spilling onto the knee-high stage. It didn't matter. Finding oneself on stage was a good excuse to crowd surf back into the pit of sweat and serenity.

The Ford Pier Vengeance Trio opened the Friday gig. Ford Pier, who has played in a number of different bands, including D.O.A., goes way back with the members of NoMeansNo and the B.C. music scene. Think melodic hard-core pop, mixed with drawn out instrumentals and erratic tempo changes.

Both NoMeansNo sets featured "Jubilation," a track off 2010's *Tour EP 2*. The music had energy and a magical mix of incredible technique, evidenced by the impassioned performance. They showed that they could play as fast and hard as they did 20 years ago with record quality precision. Fans in the know turned to each other screaming lyrics and pumping fists in unison to favourites off their seminal *Wrong* album, like "Rags and Bones" and "Two Lips, Two Lungs and One Tongue," which Rob joked they were "contractually obligated" to play.

You could see the exuberance in Rob as sweat dripped off his knuckles onto his bass. Holliston's facial expressions revealed the focus and hypnotism that seemed to wholly take over his body while he played guitar. John, meanwhile—who Dave Grohl refers to as one of his inspirations—kept his head down as he laid down the beat. A cacophony of beautiful noise emerged with the skill and expertise of true artists and performers.

All three musicians bring their unique talents and strengths to the stage, but what makes the music is their ability to listen to each other and anticipate quick changes. It's not a predictable, tired, old married couple type of familiarity with

SANS AIDS BY STEVE LOUIE

their songs. Both nights found them embracing the energy in the room with two-hour sets full of as much enthusiasm as a band 30 years younger than them.

If it says so on a NoMeansNo t-shirt, it must be true: Old is the new Young.
—*Carrie Swiggum*

AUNTS & UNCLES / TYRANAHORSE / VINCENT PARKER / RED HOT ICICLES BURNING ON FIRE / NARWHAL

The Cobalt / May 27

The release party of Tyranahorse's debut LP, *Ghostwolfmotherhawkprairieunicornlionlioness* at the Cobalt featured a mostly complementary lineup. Though they were the group of honour this night, the evening had many stars.

First up was a drum-guitar duo Narwhal. Frontman Issam's guitar was so out of tune it had to be intentional. Strangely enough, it nearly worked as an artistic statement. A guitar can be simple and needn't be a weapon of virtuosity.

After this mayhem came Red Hot Icicles Burning on Fire, whose gold-glittered grooves and Flea-esque bass lines kept us in their pocket. Many agreed that the venue-provided drum kit sounded deadly. This, combined with the co-vocalist's synth, had me loving the B-52s all over again.

Then came misbooked misfit Vincent Parker, who prompted in me a need for some fresh air. I've seen many things on the stage, but the DJ was one of the most annoying. The rest of the bands were well chosen, though, and members of Tyranahorse could be seen grooving out to the groups from amongst the crowd.

Tyranahorse's call and response vocals had me thinking yet again of the B-52s, but now crossing flight paths with the Talking Heads. Tunes like "Joy Wolf" and "Teenage Girl" impressed me. Overall, it was just plain fun—it's been a long time since I've heard a kazoo. And then there was the unforgettable theremin that swept the PA's limits, locking us into the band's wavelength. Seeing the freaky workings of this instrument, played by PrOphecy Sun—who was tangled in mic cabling-- made for good show. They played loud, looked proud and left the crowd demanding an encore. With one band left to go, they didn't get one.

Aunts & Uncles then took the stage and compressed their set into whatever time they had left, finishing a six-minute song in double-time. We only heard a couple songs from them but the violin playing layered over a Strat was a refreshing end to the concert.
—*Evan Salmon*

TIMBER TIMBRE / TASSEOMANCY

The Vogue Theatre / June 1st

The scenes inside and outside of the Vogue Theatre on the evening of June 1st could not have been more starkly different. On Granville Street, swarms of Canuck fans celebrated their first win of the Stanley Cup playoffs in an exuberant, drunken frenzy, while inside a somber and sacred display took place.

Purportedly psychic twin sisters Sari and Romy Lightman, now performing

under the name Tasseomancy rather than their former moniker, Ghost Bees, commenced the night with a song entitled "Anubis," an invocation of the jackal headed Egyptian deity. Tasseomancy intoned a delicate blend of apocalyptic folk, gothic metal and psychedelic rock reminiscent of a ritualistically produced love-child of Current 93 and Joanna Newsom. Their mellifluous and organic folk roots live on as phantasms in sweet reverb-laden vocal harmonies that soared above the electrical hum of dirges praising the ancient ones or those with horns and hides. The sisters led their backing band of keyboards and drums with mandolin and guitar melodies winding through phrygian scales. They finished their entirely too brief set (only about half a dozen songs) with "Ashkelon," a surreal letter of love and loss to the seaside Israeli city.

Timber Timbre continued the solemnity and meditative, bleak mood of occultism with "Bad Ritual," the opening track of their most recent album **Creep On Creepin' On**. The most striking quality of Timber Timbre's performance was that each track was distinctively rendered in a manner starkly different from the recorded versions. Each song was slowed to a near halt, giving the show the sound of a warbly, warped old 78 dragging along at 33 revolutions. The tempo added to the already ethereal spookiness of the group's music, stretching their spiritualist inflected doo-wop into the otherworldly liminal space of an electroacoustic séance.

Lead singer/guitarist Taylor Kirk pulled us through dimensions of subtlety with his characteristically morbid vocals, which were occasionally interspersed with yelps and growls. Mika Posen's keyboard and fiddle lines, as well as Simon Trottier's contributions on the lap steel and autoharp, sketched in some depth to the otherwise minimalist arrangements. Kirk, after having a chuckle at the expense of the Canuck fans out on Granville, introduced their track "Black Water" as "Eye of the Tiger," injecting a rare bit of humour into the evening.

Overall, the effect was deeply powerful. The band, lit by a simple and static red wash, built a world of sinister intensity, transporting the audience to an underworld populated by the likes of Robert Johnson and Lustmord where they seemed to divine hellhound blues out of an oblivion of noise.

—*Anthony Meza*

WOMANKIND / COWARDS / THE NEW VALUES / HEMOGOBLIN

Pat's Pub / June 3

Hemogoblin, who opened at Pat's Pub on the third night of Music Waste, stood on-stage in silence for twenty minutes before the first sounds finally came out of the speakers. Oddly, it wasn't a guitar riff or snare hit, though. Rather, the wall of noise that started the gig was that of a PA dying. Hemogoblin did their best to combat the technical difficulties—the duo played a hi-gain set packed full of goodies that made me frustrated to have to listen to it all through the in high-pitched squeals and exploding bass fuzz of the mangled sound system. Guitarist Ian Kinakin had more than enough six-string prowess to mash up surf, thrash, and garage rock into a proper rock 'n' roll performance. Seeing him work a loop pedal to add in bass lines and other backing tracks was a treat, and added depth to the stellar performance.

The New Values attracted a lot of front-line attention as the crowd squeezed in tight to get a look at the threesome, a feat considering the intense volume at which the kick drum was (unintentionally) coming across. The group channeled a strong Cali-punk vibe with raking guitar riffs and steady bass lines—think the Germs with a heap more talent —but the real draw was the smarts with which the trio played their tunes. The almost academic combination of art-punk and L.A. crunch made the New Values an easy act to enjoy.

To say Cowards "took to the stage" would be inaccurate, since vocalist Keith Wecker spent most of his set among the audience, screaming at the crowd like he'd gargled whiskey before the show. Cowards played a fairly traditional hardcore set in the vein of Fucked Up—a big, bearded guy shouting angry lyrics atop post-punk guitar riffs. Maybe the sound guy was drunk, but the terrible, grainy quality of the set didn't help Cowards stand out, even if Wecker was standing on a table by the end of it all.

Womankind's Scott Malin looked slightly uneasy getting onto the stage, which was understandable given the state of the PA system. Despite the high potential for failure, Womankind sounded great and played a raucous, if short, set. Like a rumbling, drop-top convertible version of Pissed Jeans, the band tore through all four of the songs on their new self-titled record -- "2 Out Of 10," "Five," "Miami Tan" and "Fang Fang" -- before moving on to material both new and old. That Womankind were able to defeat the demons plaguing the sound setup for long enough to thrash the crowd into exhaustion might lie in Malin, who sung with such passion and anger as to be genuinely intimidating. At the end of the night, the pub emptied quickly as the audience went home to rest up for the next night of Music Waste—or maybe, like me, they just needed to give their eardrums a break.

—*Fraser Dobbs*

MT-40 / TEEN DAZE / BARTEL / DBL DRAGON

Pat's Pub / June 2

Pat's Pub is such an enjoyable venue for a music show. On any given night you can make your way through one of the more decrepit areas in Vancouver and wander into the pub attached to the Patricia Hotel, where the beer is cheap, the music is loud and there is no shortage of moustaches or high-waisted pants. The second night of Music Waste 2011 was no exception and showcased local bands MT-40, Teen Daze, Bartel and DBL Dragon.

DBL Dragon opened the night with their brand of indie dance pop. First off, awesome band name, especially if in reference to the awesome video game/movie. DBL Dragon provided sexy pop beats for the more committed fans on the dance floor, and created funky background noise for the fiercely unapproachable women who occupied the pool table for most of the night.

The crowd was a tad bit on the monolithic side during Andrew Harris, a.k.a. Bartel's, set. In the audience's defense, it is quite difficult to move to the guy's atmospheric, electronic shoegaze. Nevertheless, Bartel is a prime example Vancouver's never-ending growth in electronic music, bringing with him an immense knowledge of sound design and composition to the forefront of his live shows.

Now for my favourite part of the night's activities, Abbotsford producer Teen Daze. He played songs from his **Four More Years** EP, as well as a few new singles. Out of all the times I have seen the eclectic chillwaver, he has never failed to deliver as less than a stellar performance.

Closing out the night was MT-40. Personally, I did not enjoy them. Their vocals were far too washed out, the echo coming through the PA was unnecessarily high and the songs relied on the roughly the same concept for each song: a keyboard loop and a drum line. The music did, however, have people dancing, so clearly some people admire their style. Just not me. Overall, though, the combination of great local talent and cheap Dead Frog beers made for a great night. It also made for a shitty night's sleep and a hangover, but it was worth it.

—*Alec J. Ross*

DEAD GHOSTS / TEENANGER / NEEDLES//PINS

June 20 / Anti-Social Skate Shop

In 1998 when Refused named their final album <i6>The Shape of Punk To Come, it's safe to say that they were imagining something very different than what passes for punk these days. Emo and post-hardcore have stripped the genre of its gritty edge and political outrage, replacing it with limp pop tendencies and high-school melodrama. Furthermore, punk's aging heroes have

shed any last vestiges of credibility, with John Lydon and Iggy Pop appearing in cringe-worthy commercials (for butter and life insurance respectively). So much has happened to sully the name of punk rock. Thankfully, the verve and spirit displayed by the three bands that played the Anti-Social Skate Shop gave us hope that there's life in the old dog yet.

Openers Needles//Pins had some nicely executed hooks - especially on the choppy stomp, "Kalifornia Korner" - though some of their songs suffered a little from a lack of

dynamics. On record, their singer's voice is reedy and weedy, but live he's got his yelping down perfectly, lending a much more gratifying bite to their tunes.

Toronto's Teenanger burst out of the gates with the blistering "Bank Account," a thrilling meld of

the Stooges' mayhem and Link Wray's more raucous moments. Vocalist Riley Wild was brimming with tense energy, but not the grating machismo so often seen in punk frontmen. While definitely the tightest band of the night, their technical proficiency did nothing to temper the pure rock fury. They retained a rawness that kept things exciting.

Though their appearance suggested that headliners Dead Ghosts were the youngest band on the bill, their musical reference points were definitely the oldest. Their tunes hearkened back '50s rock 'n' roll and '60s garage. Executed with a youthful exuberance, their songs were to the point and seriously catchy, with vibrato guitar and reverb vox lending a definite authenticity to their classic sound.

—*Will Pedley*

SLED ISLAND FESTIVAL DAY 1

June 22 / Calgary, AB

Even before I made it to Calgary, I was feeling Sled Island's good vibes. Just a few seats away from me on my flight was former S.T.R.E.E.T.S./Bogus Tokus bassist Mike Payette, who was heading out to the fest as a curator. He planned a few metal-oriented shows and was also about to play his first show with his new band Scarebro. More on those dudes later.

My aunt picked me up from the airport and drove me to her place, where we had an incredible vegan dinner and caught up on old times. All my Sled downtime has been spent here. It's great. But onto the shows!

Wild Nothing @ Central United

I met up with Discorder photographer/Real Live Action editor Steve Louie at this gorgeous church venue. A quick scan of the crowd revealed a ton of other CiTR and Discorder heads as well. It was like a family reunion. Things got off to a super mellow start, courtesy of Virginia's Wild Nothing. Oddly, the troupe sauntered out to the *Law & Order* theme before parading out their gauzy brand of dream pop. Aside from their intro, the band played it straight. Leader Jack Tatum delivered some octave-jumping vocals on the Smiths-y "Live In Dreams," but interestingly decided to skip out on his falsetto on the equally enigmatic "Confirmation." Overall, the expansive church setting had their echo-laden cuts ringing out extra heavenly.

Sans AIDS and Pat Jordache @ Tubby Dog

Across town at hot dog joint Tubby Dog, Edmonton's Sans AIDS were offering up some loose and wriggly, detuned indie pop. Playing in front of a screen showing some classic *Top Cat* cartoons, the trio's energized tunes seemed inspired by late Cowtown-favourites Women, which possibly warmed the heart of that outfit's drummer Michael Wallace, who stood in the crowd. A cover of Captain Beefheart's doo-wop number "I'm Glad" was ramshackle, but super endearing.

Montreal popster Pat Jordache kicked off his set by showing off his new shirt, a striped button-up number he picked up at Value Village for $4.99, but ultimately he dissed the thrift store. "They're dirty," he laughed, pointing to their connections to Wal-Mart. "It's all a scam."

His quintet then launched into the energetic soul-pop stunner "Get It (I Know You're Going To)".

Jordache's touching baritone warble resonated on "Phantom Limb," which also saw him dropping a funk-tastic bassline. I can't wait to see this guy at both the Waldorf and at Zulu next week.

B-Lines @ Broken City

B-Lines are legitimately one of my favourite Vancouver bands, and, as always, they impressed at Broken City. Singer Ryan Dyck snarled at the devoted throng singing along to "Social Retard" and "World War Four," but the dude started getting pelted with Lucky Lager cans by the time "It Rains" rolled around. "Whatever you have in your hands, throw it at us," he cried seconds before a lobbed pint glass smashed at his feet. He countered with a kicking-and-crawling crowdsurf session. Just awesome.

Scarebro @ The Ship & Anchor

As hinted at earlier, Scarebro took to Calgary to play their first-ever show. Made up of Payette, Bison B.C. singer James Farwell and former Bison B.C. drummer Brad MacKinnon, the band bashed out a short set of tunes balancing '70s riff rock and early '90s Vancouver Island pop punk (think M Blanket). "Duct Tape" was a particularly adrenaline-fueled rager.

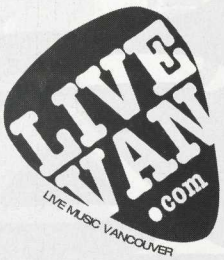
Friendo and Crocodiles @ Palomino

Calgary act Friendo delivered some super sweet and surfy, girl-fronted garage rock. They were pretty good, but their buzzy bubblegum began to blend by set's end.

Crocodiles, meanwhile, absolutely slayed the crowd at the C&W-themed basement venue. Singer Brandon Welchez commanded attention as he crooned, cried, wiggled wildly and delivered weird, spoken-word ramblings throughout the night. Coming off like the lovechild of Iggy Pop and Jim Morrison, he waxed on how the joint smelled of lepers, semen and disease during an extended build up on "Mirrors." The propulsive thumper "Summer of Hate," meanwhile, had him pick up a guitar and bash out razor-sharp jags of noise beside his six-string companion, Charles Rowell. Shades of the Jesus & Mary Chain reverberated around the room as most stood agog at the sonic masterpiece unfolding in front of them. It was loud, chaotic, sexy and the perfect capper to the first night of Sled Island.

Go to discorder.ca for a full wrap up of the festival.

Home of
Vancouver's Music Directories
BANDS MUSICIANS RESOURCES



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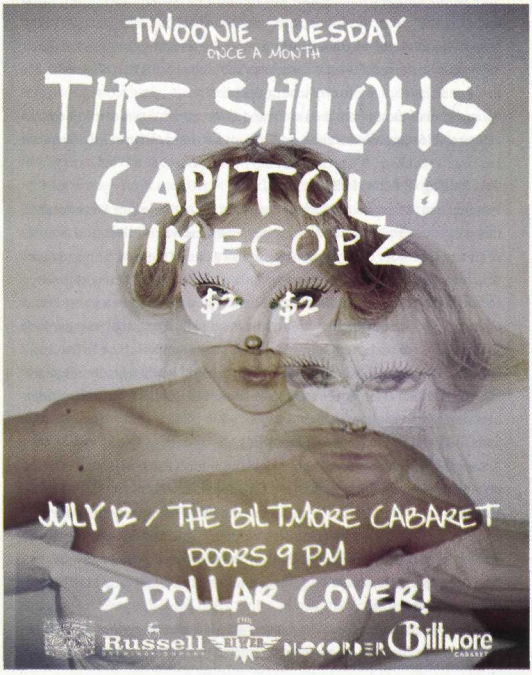

JULY 2011
BILTMORE CABARET

2755 PRINCE EDWARD ST
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Biltmore CABARET

SUNDAY
3 KITTY NIGHTS
NYC STYLE BURLESQUE AND COMEDY HOSTED BY BURGUNDY BRIXX
+THE PURRRFESSOR WITH DJ TEDDY SMOOTH

MONDAY
4 DEPRESSING COWARDS
+WAR BABY

TUESDAY
5 HOT PANDA LOVERS LOVE HATERS
+GUESTS

WEDNESDAY
6 PAUL ANTHONY'S TALENT TIME PRESENTS:
THE CUTEST SHOW ON EARTH! WITH JUSTIN BIEBER IMPERSONATOR & LIVE KITTENS!
+DJ TEDDY SMOOTH

THURSDAY
7 SHORE 104.3FM SONG SEARCH SHOWCASE

FRIDAY
1
THE BILTMORE
+BEATROUTE MAGAZINE
+VANCOUVER'S VERY OWN PRESENT:
DOUBLE NICKELS CANADA DAY PARTY
BANDS AND BBQ!

SATURDAY
2
COLOR MAGAZINE & ANTISOCIAL PRESENTS
GLORY DAYS
W/ MY GAY HUSBAND!
+SINCERELY HANA +RICOUNO

8 ICE CREAM SOCIAL

9 THE BILTMORE PRESENTS + BEATROUTE MAGAZINE PRESENT:
COLISEUM EARLY SHOW 7-11
WITH GUESTS
SPIRALS + SCAREBRO

COLOR MAGAZINE & ANTISOCIAL PRESENTS
GLORY DAYS **LATE SHOW** DOORS 11:00PM
W/ MY GAY HUSBAND!
+SINCERELY HANA +RICOUNO

10 KITTY NIGHTS
NYC STYLE BURLESQUE AND COMEDY HOSTED BY BURGUNDY BRIXX
+THE PURRRFESSOR WITH DJ TEDDY SMOOTH

11 THE BILTMORE PRESENTS:
HAPA
WITH GUESTS

12 TWOONIE TUESDAY!!
THE SHILOHS
CAPITOL 6
+TIMECOPZ

13 THE BILTMORE PRESENTS:
LES JUPES
WITH
DRAWNSHIP
+ABRAMSON SINGERS

14 SHORE 104.3FM SONG SEARCH SHOWCASE

15 SPEED CONTROL
WITH GUESTS

16 THE BILTMORE + BEATROUTE MAGAZINE PRESENT:
IN MEDIAS RES EARLY SHOW 8-11
CD RELEASE PARTY
WITH GUESTS

COLOR MAGAZINE & ANTISOCIAL PRESENTS
GLORY DAYS **LATE SHOW** DOORS 11:00PM
W/ MY GAY HUSBAND!
+SINCERELY HANA +RICOUNO

17 KITTY NIGHTS
NYC STYLE BURLESQUE AND COMEDY HOSTED BY BURGUNDY BRIXX
+THE PURRRFESSOR WITH DJ TEDDY SMOOTH

18 41ST AND HOME
CD RELEASE PARTY
WITH GUESTS

19 OH CANCER!
UP YOURS!
FUNDRAISER
FEATURING
KISS THIS

20 ROCK AND ROLL PIZZA PARTY

21 TIMBRE PRESENTS:
COLD CAVE
WITH GUEST
AUSTRA

22 EAST VAN SOUL CLUB

23 SEALED WITH A KISS PRESENTS:
YUCK EARLY SHOW 8-11
WITH GUESTS
UNKNOWN MORTAL ORCHESTRA

COLOR MAGAZINE & ANTISOCIAL PRESENTS
GLORY DAYS **LATE SHOW** DOORS 11:00PM
W/ MY GAY HUSBAND!
+SINCERELY HANA +RICOUNO

24 KITTY NIGHTS
NYC STYLE BURLESQUE AND COMEDY HOSTED BY BURGUNDY BRIXX
+THE PURRRFESSOR WITH DJ TEDDY SMOOTH

25 THE BILTMORE PRESENTS:
ONE EYED JACKS
HAREM OF MEN
TIINA FLANK

26 JUNIOR HIGH
WITH
LOVE CUTS
+THE GAL PAL DJS

27 PSYCH NIGHT
WITH GUESTS

28 MIND YOUR BIDNESS ASIAN FILM FESTIVAL FUNDRAISER

29 THE BILTMORE +
BEATROUTE MAGAZINE PRESENT:
CHAINS OF LOVE
CD RELEASE PARTY
+DEAD GHOSTS
+GUESTS

30 THE BILTMORE PRESENTS:
TY SEGALL EARLY SHOW 8-11
WITH AUDACITY

COLOR MAGAZINE & ANTISOCIAL PRESENTS
GLORY DAYS **LATE SHOW** DOORS 11:00PM
W/ MY GAY HUSBAND!
+SINCERELY HANA +RICOUNO

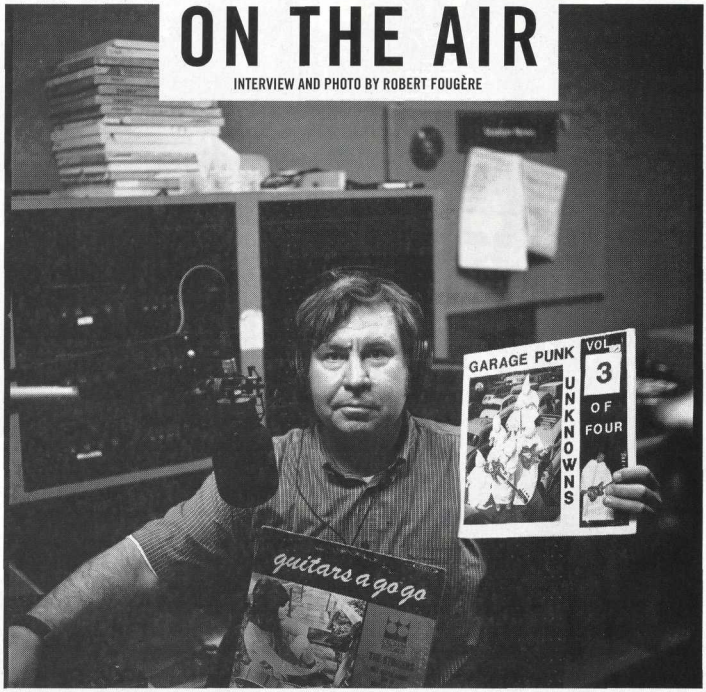
31 KITTY NIGHTS
NYC STYLE BURLESQUE AND COMEDY HOSTED BY BURGUNDY BRIXX
+THE PURRRFESSOR WITH DJ TEDDY SMOOTH

FEATURED SHOWS:
AUGUST 9TH- SWAK PRESENTS: CALIFONE WITH GUESTS
AUGUST 18TH- THE BILTMORE PRESENTS: OBITS WITH DISAPPEARS AND HARD FEELINGS
AUGUST 19TH- THE BILTMORE PRESNTS: MISTER HEAVENLY WITH GUESTS
SEPT 2ND- SWAK PRESENTS: CHARLES BRADLEY WITH GUESTS
SEPT 5TH- THE BILTMORE PRESENTS: THEE OH SEES WITH BARE WIRES AND CHAINS OF LOVE
SEPT 9TH- THE BILTMORE PRESENTS: SLEEPY SUN WITH GUESTS WHITE HILLS

Biltmore CABARET

ON THE AIR

INTERVIEW AND PHOTO BY ROBERT FOUGÈRE



(RUMBLETONE RADIO A GO GO)

Frank Rumbletone, host of Rumbletone Radio A Go Go, has been exploring his interest in blown amps and speakers through the medium of radio since you were still knee-high to a hotrod. He inherited his current time slot after years of persistent encouragement from Nardwuar the Human Serviette, who heard about Frank's old show in San Diego. Frank himself is a fixture in the local punk, rock and garage scene, with a reputation as one of the city's best live promoters and dedicated fans. Specializing in songs with an average length of less than two minutes, he has crammed more fuzzed-out b-sides and rarities into his decades-long college radio career than the average university student will ever hear.

Discorder: What's been your most memorable on-air moment?

Frank Rumbletone: The most memorable was when a band called the Pandoras—this all-girl garage band—invaded the station. All of their songs were pretty perverted and they actually deep-throated the microphones live on the air.

D: In this very radio booth?!

FR: No, that was in California. In this town, Little Guitar Army came to demonstrate how good their little guitars are—this was just last week. They came in to demonstrate how bitchin' and superior their little guitars are to the average sized guitar.

D: Who's been your best guest?

FR: It was nice having [former CiTR program coordinator] Bryce Dunn down the hallway. He was the real brains behind the program. I could ask him anything about any band and he was able to spit out details.

D: Which album would you bring to a deserted island?

FR: The Morlocks' *Emerge*. That album blew out not only one pair of speakers that I've owned, but two. That and maybe, oh... just one? Well, then the Dwarves' *Horror Stories*. It's completely acid-drenched fuzz, back when they were basically a '60s style punk band. I played that album like hell when it came out [in 1986], way before anybody even knew who the heck they were!

D: What is your favourite CiTR radio show?

FR: Chis-a-riffic's [Parts Unknown]!

D: Wow, he's won two months in a row!

FR: Chris is just great. In the future, people are going to look back and say, "I remember when that guy was doing college radio."

D: What does the future hold for Rumbletone Radio A Go Go?

FR: The future of Rumbletone Radio A Go Go depends on the listeners. As long as the phone boards keep lighting up and people keep tapping me on the shoulder at gigs and telling me how much they enjoy listening... that's what keeps me coming here week after week.

Rumbletone Radio A Go Go airs Wednesdays from 3 to 5 p.m.

// CiTR 101.9 FM CHARTS

STRICTLY THE DOPEST HITZ OF JUNE

#	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL	#	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1	**Various*+**	*CiTR Pop Alliance Vol.2*	Mint/CiTR 101.9 FM	26	**Timber Timbre***	*Creep On Creepin' On*	Arts & Crafts
2	**Hunx and His Punx**	*Too Young To Be In Love*	Hardly Art	27	**Panda Bear**	*Tomboy*	Paw Tracks
3	**Chad VanGaalen***	*Diaper Island*	Flemish Eye	28	**Handsome Furs***	*Sound Kapital*	Sub Pop
4	**Austra***	*Feel It Break*	Paper Bag	29	**The Donkeys**	*Born With Stripes*	Dead Oceans
5	**Sloan***	*The Double Cross*	Outside	30	**The Rosebuds**	*Loud Planes Fly Low*	Merge
6	**Apollo Ghosts*+**	*For What They Do, They Do*	Independent	31	**Sonny & the Sunsets**	*Hit After Hit*	Fat Possum
7	**The B-Lines*+**	*The B-Lines*	Nominal	32	**Geoff Berner*+**	*Victory Party*	Mint
8	**Sean Nicholas Savage / Kool Music***	*Won Ton Jazz*	Arbutus	33	**The Phoenix Foundation**	*Buffalo*	Memphis Industries
9	**Shannon And The Clams**	*Sleep Talk*	1234 GO!	34	**The Mountain Goats**	*All Eternals Deck*	Merge
10	**Sex With Strangers*+**	*Frontier Justice*	Boutique Empire	35	**The Raveonettes**	*Raven In The Grave*	Vice
11	**Chains of Love*+**	*Singles*	Independent	36	**Les Breastfeeders***	*Dans la gueule des jours*	Blow The Fuse
12	**Braids***	*Native Speaker*	Flemish Eye	37	**Hauschka**	*Salon des Amateurs*	130701
13	**Sun Wizard*+**	*Positively 4th Avenue*	Light Organ	38	**Jennifer Castle***	*Castlemusic*	Flemish Eye
14	**Korean Gut*+**	*Your Misery, Our Benefit*	Mammoth Cave	39	**Little Scream***	*The Golden Record*	Outside
15	**Roxanne Potvin***	*Play*	Black Hen	40	**Folk Thief*+**	*Love, Heartache and Oblivion*	Independent
16	**Times New Viking**	*Dancer Equired*	Merge	41	**Northcote*+**	*Gather No Dust*	Independent
17	**The Luyas***	*Too Beautiful To Work*	IdÊe Fixe	42	**The Good Loveliest***	*Let the Rain Fall*	Self-Released
18	**Mother Mother*+**	*Eureka*	Last Gang	43	**Zola Jesus**	*Valusia EP*	Sacred Bones
19	**Shearing Pinx*+**	*Rituals*	Isolated Now Waves	44	**Bibio**	*Mind Bokeh*	Warp
20	**Fucked Up***	*David Comes to Life*	Matador	45	**Cowboy Junkies***	*The Nomad Series Volume 2: Demons*	Latent
21	**Indian Wars*+**	*Walk Around The Park*	Bachelor	46	**Sondre Lerche**	*Sondre Lerche*	Mona
22	**Love Cuts*+**	*Love Cuts 7-inch*	Nominal	47	**Frederick Squire***	*Sings Shenandoah & Other Popular Hits*	Blue Fog
23	**Myelin Sheaths***	*Get on Your Nerves*	South Paw	48	**Womankind*+**	*Womankind*	Nominal
24	**The Oh Wells*+**	*The EP That We Love*	Independent	49	**Wet Hair**	*In Vogue Spirit*	De Stijl
25	**Architecture In Helsinki**	*Moment Bends*	Modular	50	**Purity Ring***	*Ungirthed 7-inch*	Transparent

CiTR's charts reflect what's been played on the air by CiTR's lovely DJs last month. Records with asterisks (*) are Canadian and those with a plus (+) are Vancouver based. Most of these excellent albums can be found at fine independent music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find them, give CiTR's music coordinator a shout at (604) 822-8733. We can tell you how to find them. Check out other great campus/community radio charts at www.earshot-online.com.

ZULU'S SUMMER TIME RECAP!

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TOP 15 TITLES OF NOTE...

WILD BEASTS
SMOTHER

CHAD VANGAALEN
DIAPER MOUNTAIN

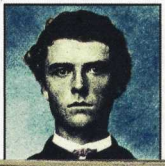
BLACK LIPS
ARABIA MOUNTAIN

DANGER MOUSE AND DANIELE LUPPI
ROME

WOODS
SUN AND SHADE

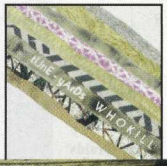
BON IVER
BON IVER

GANG GANG DANCE
EYE CONTACT

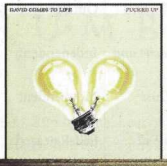


TYLER, THE CREATOR
GOBLIN

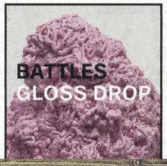
TY SEGALL
GOODBYE BREAD



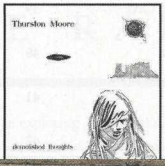
tUnE-yArDs
WHOKILL



FUCKED UP
DAVID COMES TO LIFE

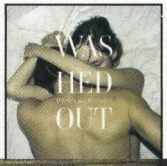


BATTLES
GLOSS DROP



THURSTON MOORE
DEMOLISHED THOUGHTS

DIRTY BEACHES
BADLANDS



WASHED OUT
WITHIN AND WITHOUT

UPCOMING EVENTS

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SHEARING PINX

INSTORE

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